

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Chronicles of London Bridge.* By AN ANTIQUARY. London, 1827. pp. 703. Smith, Elder, and Co.

As with men, so it is, often, with things. Of persons of eminence, we record the virtues and deeds for the use of posterity; of those things, also, which are endeared to us by the circumstances of their origin, the events with which they have been connected, their antiquity, or other special causes, we treasure up in our memory the recollection, and transmit their history to future ages and generations. Nor is this disposition blameable, nor are we thus encouraging a vain love of antiquarian lore; on the contrary, the inclination is praise worthy, and we are conferring a real benefit on our own age and posterity. The History of London Bridge is, of itself, both a curious and instructive object of research: it is associated with many occurrences, which, though they have passed for ever away, ought not to be suffered to sleep in oblivion. We are well aware that in tracing the steps backward, through hundreds of years, it is extremely difficult to guard against delusion, against mistating facts, and even substituting what is altogether false for truth; and of the tendency in our nature to believe, too readily, that to be true, in which we feel interested, and which we desire had occurred, though the grounds may be of the most slender description. From this cause it too often happens, that a colouring of truth is given to things, which are equally uncertain and as little to be credited, as those which by the historian are altogether disregarded. But, we confess, we would prefer of two writers, the man who should mistate facts, or even declare those things to be facts which never occurred, to the man who, under the persuasion of the impossibility of arriving at truth, should treat all things with equal uncertainty.

The *Chronicles of London Bridge* is a very interesting book, and if we are not inclined to credit all which is told us in it, we have both the wheat and the chaff, and can select what may most please either our taste or our judgment. The author thus commences his work:—

“So numerous are the alterations and modernisms in almost every street of this huge metropolis, that I verily believe the conservators of our goodly city are trying the strength of a London antiquary's heart; and, by their continual spoliations, endeavouring to ascertain whether it be really made “of penetrable stuff.” For my own part, if they continue thus improving, I must even give up the ghost; since, in a little time, there will not be a spot left, where any feature of age will carry back remembrance to its ancient original. What

with pullings-down, and buildings-up; the turning of land into canals, and covering over old water-ways with new paved streets; erecting pert plaster fronts to some venerable old edifices, and utterly abolishing others from off the face of the earth; London but too truly resembles the celebrated keepsake knife of the sailor, which, for its better preservation, had been twice re-bladed, and was once treated with a new handle. One year carried with it that grand fragment of our city's wall, which so long girdled in Moorfields; while another bedevilled the ancient gate of St. John's Priory with heraldry, which Belzebub himself could not blazon, and left but one of the original hinges to its antique pier. Nay, there are reports, too, that even Derby House, the fair old college of heralds,—where my youth was taught “the blasinge of cote armures,” under two of the wisest officers that ever wore a tabard,—that even that unassuming quadrangle is to be forthwith levelled with the dust, and thus for ever blotted from the map of London! Alas for the day! Moorgate is not, and Aldgate is not! Aldersgate is but the shadow of a name, and Newgate lives only as the title of a prison-house! In the absence, then, of many an antique building which I yet remember, I have little else to supply the vacuum in my heart, but to wander round the ruins of those few which still exist;—to gaze on the rich transomed bay-windows that even yet light the apartments of Sir Paul Pindar's now degraded dwelling; to look with regret upon the prostituted halls of Crosby House; or to roam over to the Bankside, and contemplate the fast-perishing fragments of Winchester's once proud episcopal palace.”

The story is told in the way of dialogue. Master Geoffrey Barbican, out of love for one of the ‘very few fragments of an ancient citizen's conviviality,’ enters the ‘merry old shades’ by London Bridge to indulge himself in quaffing genuine wine drawn reaming from the butt in splendid silver jugs. ‘It was a most lovely moonlight night,’ the fastly ebbing tide glittering with silvery flashes, while the broad radiance of the planet, cast upon the pale stone colour of the bridge, strikingly contrasted with the gas star like sparks, which shone from the lamps above it. He falls in a reverie, and while contemplating the time when London Bridge should live only in memory!—one of the waiters informs him Mr. Barnaby Postern desires the pleasure of his society in the drinking of a hot sack posset,—a shrewd, hale, short old gentleman of stiff formal manners. Taking his seat opposite Mr. Barbican, the conversation is at once opened. Of ancient London it is said:—

‘In those woody groves of yew, which the old citizens wisely encouraged for the making of their bows, were then hunted the stag, the buck, and the doe; and the great northern

road, which now echoes the tuneful Kent bugle of mail-coach-guards, was then an extensive wilderness, resounding with the shrill horns of the Saxon chiefs, as they waked up the deer from his lair of vert and brushwood. The very paths, too, that now behold the herds of oxen and swine driven town-ward to support London's hungry thousands, then echoed with the bellowing of savage bulls, and the harsh grunting of many a stout wild boar. The site of the ancient British London is yet certainly marked out to you, by the old rhyming stone in Pan-nier Alley, by St. Paul's, which saith:—

“WHEN Y<sup>e</sup> HAVE SOUGHT

THE CITY ROVND,

YET STILL THIS IS

THE HIGHEST GROVND.”

‘Now, Julius Cæsar tells you, that “a British town was nothing more than a thick wood, fortified with a ditch and rampart, to serve as a place of retreat against the incursions of their enemies.” Here, then, stood our good old city, upon the best ‘vantage ground of the Forest of Middlesex; the small hive-shaped dwellings of the Britons, formed of bark, or boughs, or reeds from the rushy sides of these broad waters, being interspersed between the trees; whilst their little mountain metropolis, the “*locum reperit egregiè naturâ, atque opere munitum*,” a place which appeared extremely strong, both by art and nature,—as the same matchless classic called those primitive defences,—was guarded on the north by a dark wood, that might have daunted even the Roman cohorts; and to the south, where there was no wilderness, morasses, covered with fat weeds, and divided by such streams as the Wall-brook, the Shareburn, the Fleta, and others of less note, stretched downward to the Thames.’

Of an ancient eating-house, we find it observed:—

“Moreover, on the banks of the river, besides the wine sold in ships”—that is to say, foreign wines of Anjou, Auxere, and Gascoigne, though even then we had some Saxon and Rhenish wines well worth the drinking,—“besides the wines sold in ships and vaults, there is a public eating-house, or cook's shop. Here, according to the season, you may find victuals of all kinds, roasted, baked, fried, or boiled. Fish, large and small, with coarse viands for the poorer sort, and more delicate ones for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds. In case a friend should arrive at a citizen's house, much wearied with his journey, and chooses not to wait, an-hungred as he is, for the buying and cooking of meat, ‘The water's served, the bread's in baskets brought,’ *Virg. Æn. i. 705.*

and recourse is immediately had to the bank above-mentioned, where every thing desirable is instantly procured. No number so great, of knights or strangers, can either enter the city at any hour of day or night, or leave it, but all may be supplied with provisions, so that those have no occasion to fast too long, nor these to depart the city without their dinner. To this



place, if they be so disposed, they resort, and there they regale themselves, every man according to his abilities. Those who have a mind to indulge, need not to hanker after sturgeon, nor a guinea-fowl, nor a gelinote de bois,—which some call red-game, and others a godwit—"for there are delicacies enough to gratify their palates. It is a public eating-house, and is both highly convenient and useful to the city, and is a clear proof of its civilization."

"Thus speaks Fitz-Stephen of the time of Henry II. between the years 1170 and 1182; and if you look but two centuries later, you shall find that John Holland, Duke of Exeter, held his inn here at Cold Harbour, and gave to his half-brother, King Richard the Second, a sumptuous dinner, in 1397. Then, too, when this spot became the property of the merry Henry Plantagenet, Prince of Wales, by the gift of Henry the Fourth, the same king filled his cellars with "twenty casks and one pipe of red wine of Gascoigne, free of duty."

The account of the founding of St. Saviour's Church, and the first wooden bridge, will be found interesting:—

"Now, worthy Mr. Barbican, before we enter upon the conjectures and disputes relating to the real age and founders of the first wooden bridge over the Thames at London, let me give you a toast, closely connected with it, in this last living relique of old Sir John Falstaff. You must know, my good sir, that when the church-wardens and vestry of St. Mary Overies, on the Bankside yonder, meet for conviviality, one of their earliest potations is to the memory of their church's saint and the patroness who feeds them, under the familiar name of Old Moll! and, therefore, as we are now about to speak of them and their pious foundation most particularly, you will, I doubt not, pledge me heartily to the Immortal Memory of Old Moll!"

"A very much question," returned I, "if either the good foundress of the church, or she to whom it was dedicated,—if Mary the saint, or Mary the sinner—were ever addressed by so unceremonious an epithet in their lives; but, however, as it's a parochial custom and your wish, here's Prosperity to St. Saviour's Church, and the Immortal Memory of Old Moll!" Mr. Postern having made a low bow of acknowledgment for my compliance, thus continued—

"I have made it evident then, and, indeed, it is agreed to on all sides, that there was a wooden bridge over the Thames, at London, at least as early as the year 1052; and Maitland, at page 44 of his history, is inclined to believe that it was erected between the years 993 and 1016, at the public cost, to prevent the Danish incursions up the river. John Stow, however, in volume, i., page 57, of his Survey, attributes the building of the first wooden bridge over the Thames, at London, to the pious brothers of St. Mary's monastery, on the Bankside. He gives you this account on the authority of Master Bartholomew Fowle, alias Fowler, alias Linsted, the last prior of St. Mary Overies; who, surrendering his convent on the 14th of October, 1540,—in the 30th year of Henry VIII.,—had a pension assigned him of £100 per annum, which it is well known that he enjoyed until 1553."

After considering the contending opinions, and deciding in favour of Stowe, he proceeds thus:—

"Let me remark now, before I quit the history of St. Mary Overies, as connected with

that of London Bridge, that there is yet extant there, a monumental effigy conveying the strongest lesson of man's mortality; it being the resemblance of a body in that state, when corruption is beginning its great triumph. Prating vergers and sextons commonly tell you that the persons whom these figures represent endeavoured to fast the whole of Lent, in imitation of the great Christian pattern, and that dying in the act, they were reduced to such a cadaverous appearance at their decease. There has, however, been a new legend invented for this sculpture, as it is commonly reported to be that of Audery, the ferryman, father of the foundress of St. Mary Overies. It was formerly placed on the ground, under the north window of the Bishop's Court, which, before the present repairs, stood at the north-east corner of the Chapel of the Virgin Mary. Where it will be removed to hereafter time only can unfold, for as yet, even the churchwardens themselves know not.

"In speaking of this person's tomb, I must not, however, omit to notice, that there is a singularly curious, although, probably, fabulous tract of thirty pages of his life, the title of which I shall give you at length, "The true History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferry-Man of London, shewing how he lost his life by his own covetousness. And of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of St. Mary Overs, in Southwark, to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." There are two editions of this book, the first of which was published in 12mo. in 1637, and a reprint of it in 8vo, which, though it be shorn of the wood-cuts that decorated the *editio princeps*, is, perhaps, the most interesting to us, inasmuch as it bears this curious imprint—"London: printed for T. Harris at the Looking-Glass, on London Bridge; and sold by C. Corbet at Addison's Head, in Fleet-street, 1744. Price six-pence." You may see this work in Sir W. Musgrave's Biographical Tracts in the British Museum; its first nine pages are occupied with a definition and exhortation against covetousness, in the best puritanic style of the seventeenth century; and then, on page 10, the history opens thus:—"Before there was any bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a ferry, to which divers boats belonged, to transport all passengers betwixt Southwark and Churchyard Alley, that being the high-road way betwixt Middlesex, and Sussex, and London. This ferry was rented of the city, by one John Overs, which he enjoyed for many years together, to his great profit; for it is to be imagined, that no small benefit could arise from the ferrying over footmen, horsemen, all manner of cattle, all market folks that came with provisions to the city, strangers, and others."

"Overs, however, though he kept several servants and apprentices, was of so covetous a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best alderman in London, acquired by unceasing labour, frugality, and usury, yet his habit and dwelling were both strongly expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had, as we have already seen, an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his good will, to have any sight of her, much less access unto her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have

thought more of being the waterman's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, whilst he was engaged at the ferry, to be admitted into her company; "the first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; but the third concluded the match between them.—In all this interim, the poor silly rich old ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. From the disgusting instances which are given of this caitiff's avarice, he would seem to have been the very prototype and model of Elwes and Dancer; and, as the title-page of the book sets forth, even his death was the effect of his covetousness. To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours; in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plan, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head, and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting, they were overjoyed; and having danced round the body, they brake open his larder, and fell to banquetting. The ferryman bore all this as long, and as much like a dead man, as he was able; "but, when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost, with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them thinking that the devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and, being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added, that the servant was acquitted, and the ferryman made accessory and cause of his own death. The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he brake his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon, by money, their abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched ferryman. But upon the abbot's return, observing a grave which had been but recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having done such an injury to the church, for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and, turning the animal out at the abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway, to the small pond once called St. Thomas a Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground, without any kind of ceremony. Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a succession of sorrows, and desirous to be free from the importunity of the numerous



suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister; which she shortly afterwards did, having first provided for the foundation of that church which still commemorates her name.

'Such is the story related by this tract; and, if it were possible, one might suppose, that the pious maiden, out of her filial love, had placed that effigy in her fane, which I before mentioned to be sculptured in memory of her father; since it would, by no means, improperly represent the cadaverous features of the old waterman.'

'I must not omit to add, that the supposed effigy of Audery is six feet eight inches in length; and represents his decayed body lying in its winding sheet. His hair is turned up in a roll above his head.'

'Be this figure, however, who it may, the waterman or the priest, his tomb has outlived both his name and his dust. Whether he only carried passengers over the River Thames, or was occupied in teaching them how to cross that last fatal river,—which John Bunyan quaintly tells you hath no bridge,—"after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."'

Our next extract describes the chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket, on the bridge erected by Peter of Colechurch:—

'This was erected upon the tenth, or great pier, which measured 35 feet in breadth, and 115 from point to point; whilst the edifice itself was 60 feet in length, by 20 feet broad, and stood over the parapet on the eastern side of the bridge, leaving a pathway on the west, about a quarter of the breadth of the pier, in front of the chapel. The face of the building itself was forty feet in height, having a plain gable, surmounted by a cross of about six feet more; whilst four buttresses, crowned by crocketed spires, divided the western end into three parts. The wide centre contained a rich pointed-arch window, of one mullion, with a quatrefoil in the top; and the two sides were occupied by the entrances to the chapel from the Bridge Street, each being ascended by three steps. Such was the general appearance of the west front of the chapel on London Bridge.

'The interior of this edifice consisted of two stories, both consecrated to sacred purposes, and greatly resembling each other in their appearance. The upper chapel was lofty, being supported by fourteen groups of elegant clustered columns, and lighted by eight pointed arch windows divided by stone mullions into a double range of arches, surmounted by a lozenge. Beneath each of the windows were three arched recesses, separated by small pillars; and the roof itself was also originally formed of lofty pointed arches; though, when this magnificent fane was transformed into a warehouse, a wooden ceiling, with stout beams crossing each other in squares, was erected, which cut off the arches where they sprang from the pillars, and divided into two parts the interior of the upper chapel of St. Thomas.

'The eastern extremity of this building formed a semi-hexagon, having a smaller window in each of its divisions, with richly carved arches under them, corresponding with the series already mentioned on the side; and the architectural lightness and elegance of the whole, meriting the highest encomium. Beneath this principal edifice was a short descending passage, having, on the left hand, a stone basin cut in a recess in the wall, for containing holy water, and leading, through the solid masonry of the pier, into the lower chapel

of St. Thomas, which was constructed in the bridge itself.

'This crypt was entered both from the upper apartment and the street, as well as by a flight of stone stairs winding round a pillar, which led into it from the nearest pier; whilst in the front of this latter entrance, the sterling formed a platform at low water, which thus rendered it accessible from the river. The lower chapel, which—even decorated as that was, in my estimation, very far exceeded the upper one in architectural beauty—was about twenty feet in height, and its roof supported by clustered columns, similar to those I have already described; from each of which sprang seven ribs, the centre, and the two adjoining it in every division, being bound by fillets with roses on the intersections; whilst the great horizontal ribs had clusters of regal and ecclesiastical masks, producing an effect little to be expected in such a structure, in such a situation; though I may trust to your correct taste, my good Mr. Barbican, for duly appreciating it. There was also a rich series of windows in the lower chapel, which looked on to the water, similar in character to, though much smaller than, those above; whilst the floor was beautifully paved with black and white marble; for in this place did the pious architect propose to rest his bones. His monument, remarkable only for its plainness, was formed, according to Maitland's history, page 46, under the chapel staircase, in the middle of the building; and it measured seven feet and an half, by four in breadth. There was, indeed, neither brass plate, nor inscription, nor carving found about the sepulchre, when Mr. Yaldwin, the inhabitant of the chapel in 1737, then a dwelling and warehouse, discovered the remains of a body in repairing the staircase; though, from the Annals of Waverley, page 168, we know that the reliques of Peter were certainly entombed in this place. "In 1205"—runs the passage—"died Peter the chaplain of Colechurch, who began the stone bridge at London, and he is sepulchred in the chapel upon the bridge." By this entry then, we are assured that he lay there; and as for an epitaph, was not the whole edifice an everlasting catafalco to his memory, which should speak for all times? How finely, indeed, might we apply to him that inscription, which the son of Sir Christopher Wren composed for his father's burial-place in St. Paul's,—"He lived not for himself, but for the public! Reader, if you seek his monument, look around you!"'

The following document is curious; it is 'a protection for the brethren of London Bridge, concerning charitable gifts collected for the reparation of the said bridge,' issued by Henry III.:—

'The King to the Archbishops, &c. Greeting. Know ye that we engage for the protection and defence of our brethren of London Bridge, and their men, lands, goods, rents, and all their possessions. And therefore we command, that they, the brethren, and their men, lands, goods, rents, and all possessions, in their hands, ye should have protected and defended. Nor shall any bring upon them, or permit to be brought upon them, any injury, molestation, damage, or grievance. And if it be that any thing hath been forfeited by them, amendment shall be made without delay. And we also desire of you, that when the aforesaid brethren, or their messengers, shall come to you for your alms for their support, or for that of the aforesaid bridge, ye shall courteously receive them, and

cause them to be so received in all your churches, towns, and courts; and that ye will bestow upon them of your goods according to your charity and the sight of our precept, the alms which they desire. So that in reward thereof ye may be worthy of all the blessings of mercy, and our special thanks shall be due unto you. In testimony of which thing, &c. Witness the King at Portsmouth, the 15th day of July.'

We shall not omit 'the capture and death of the brave and unfortunate Sir William Wallace':—

'It was after the return of the fourth expedition of King Edward I. into Scotland, about the beginning of August, 1305, that London Bridge was defaced, by the placing upon it the trophies of his vengeance. Matthew of Westminster, in his Flowers of Histories, which I have already cited to you, tells the sorrowful story of Sir William Wallace's execution, in his second book, page 451; beginning at "*Hic vir Belial*"—for he treats the Scottish hero with but little reverence—and in plain English thus runs the narrative. "This man of Belial, after innumerable crimes, was at last taken by the king's officers, and by his command was brought up to be judged by himself, attended by the nobles of the kingdom of England, on the vigil of St. Bartholomew's Day"—the 23rd of August—"where he was condemned to a most cruel, yet most worthy death. Firstly, he was drawn at the tail of a horse through the fields of London, to a very lofty gibbet, erected for him, upon which he was hung with a halter; afterwards, he was taken down half dead, embowelled, and his intestines burned by fire; lastly, his head was cut off, and set upon upon a pole on London Bridge, whilst the trunk was cut into four quarters. His body, thus divided, was sent into four parts of Scotland. Behold! such was the unpitied end of this man, whom want of pity brought to such a death!"

'The head of the gallant but ill-fated Wallace was not, however, the only ghastly spectacle upon London Bridge; for the Catalogue of the Harleian Manuscripts, under the Number 2253 has the following notice at article 25:—"A long Ballad against the Scots, many of whom are here mentioned by name, as also many of the English, besides the King and Prince. But particularly of William Wallleys, taken at the Battle of Dunbar, A. D. 1305, and of Simon Frisell—or Fraser—taken at the Battle of Kyrkencluf, A. D. 1306, both of whom were punished as traitors to our King Edward I. and their heads set among others of their countrymen upon London Bridge." The passage which immediately concerns our purpose you will find at folio 61a, and, in its own rude dialect, thus it runs:—

"With fetters and with gyues ichot he was to drowe,  
Pfrom the tour of Londone that monie myght knowe,  
In a curtel of burel aselketh wyse  
Thurh Cheepe;  
And a gerland on hys heued of the newe guyse:  
Monimon of Engeland—for to se Symond  
Thideward con lepe.  
Tho he com to galewes, furst he was an honge,  
Al qe. beheued, thah him thohte longe;  
Seththe he was yopened, is boweles ybrend,  
The heued to londone brugge was send  
To shonde;  
So ich ever mote the—sum while wende he  
Ther lute to stonde.  
He rideth thourth the site as J tell may,  
With gomen and with solas that was here play,  
To londone brugge hee nome the way;  
Moni was the wyues chil' that ther on loketh a day,  
And seide alas!  
That he was ibore—and so villiche for lore  
So feir mon as he was!  
Now stont the heued above the tubrugge,  
Fast bi Waleis soth for to sugge."



'Now, Mr. Geoffrey Barbican, as these barbarous rhymes are but just intelligible, even to an antiquary, by a very careful reading and consideration, you will, I dare say, excuse me, if I give you a paraphrase of them in modern prose; which would be expressed somewhat in this manner—With fetters and with leg-irons I wot that he was drawn from the Tower of London that many might know it; dressed in a short coat of coarse cloth, through Cheapside, having on his head a garland of the last fashion; and many Englishmen, to see Simon Frisel, began to run thither. Then was he brought to the gibbet, and first being hung, he was also beheaded, which he thought it long ere he endured it. After, he was opened, and his bowels burned; but his head was sent to London Bridge, to affright beholders; so ever might I thrive, as that once he little thought to stand there. He rides through the city, as I may well tell you, with game and gladness around him, which was the rejoicing of his enemies, and he took the way to London Bridge. Many were the wives' children that looked upon him, and said, Alas, that he was born! and so vilely forsaken, so terrible a man as he was! Now the head stands above the town bridge, close to that of Wallace, truly to say.

'Such is this ballad account of the matter; and, in quitting my notice of the manuscript that contains it, I have but to say that it is written on old discoloured parchment, in a square Gothic text, the ink of which is turned brown by time, with many contractions, and much vile spelling; and that its other contents are all exceedingly curious and valuable.'

*May Flowers: Poems and Songs; some in the Scottish Dialect.* By JOHN IMLAH. Foolscap. pp. 231. London, 1827. Baldwin and Co.

THE flowers, which the author here presents us, if they do not attract by their luxuriance and splendour, will yet be found, on inspection, to be destitute neither of fragrance nor beauty and variety of hue. As the botanist contemplates nature not only in the lofty giants of the forest, but in the minutest blossom, so are we delighted with poetical feeling and expression however short the composition in which they are exhibited. These pieces may be nearly all comprehended under the general title of songs, and many of them will hardly suffer by a comparison with the most admired and classical productions of that kind. There is a noble spirit of patriotic feeling in many of them, that seems to be breathed from the heart, and in others, a tenderness that is equally affecting. The following piece possesses much of this plaintive sweetness, and powerfully expresses the poet's attachment to the land of his birth:—

MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

AIR—'Whistle o'er the lave o't.'

'The lamp o' day its radiance threw  
Far o'er the Grampian mountains blue,  
'Mid burning clouds, when last adieu  
I bade to Caledonia.  
Along the land's steep rocky verge  
Deep moaned the ocean's breaking surge,  
Sad sounding, as my parting dirge,  
Frae native Caledonia.  
'Twas then affection strong—sincere,  
Drew in my e'e the tender tear,  
For hame, for friends, for kindred dear,  
And native Caledonia.

And as I marked the mountains high,  
Like vapour melt 'tween sea and sky,  
Deep breathed my heart a pray'r and sigh  
For native Caledonia.

'Though sweetly balmed the zephyr blows,  
Where bloom the lily and the rose,  
In vales of richer soil than those  
Of native Caledonia.

Mair sweet to me the mild perfume  
Of heather bell and yellow broom,  
That on the braes sae wildly bloom  
Of native Caledonia.

'Than stealing streams I love the linn,  
That foam in fa's wi' deaf'nin' din,  
The bickering burns that rowe within  
The glens of Caledonia.

The Lochs sae peaceful—lone—profound,  
The misty mountains towering round,  
Whose echoing rocks at eve resound  
The songs of Caledonia.

'Where're I roam, on shore or sea,  
Whate'er on earth my hap may be;  
Still longing will I think on thee,  
My native Caledonia!

And ae warm wish would fain my fate,  
When nature claims her common debt,  
That life's declining sun may set  
In native Caledonia!

The 'Greek Song of Liberty' reminds us, not only in its versification but in its vigorous tone and poetic energy, of that justly admired composition, Campbell's Hohenlinden; nor do we think that it will suffer by the comparison, even should the peculiarity of the metre be considered an imitation:—we should extract this piece, had it not already appeared in our journal. Had we room, we might select many pieces of great merit; we shall, however, copy two:—

FLORA M'DONALD'S FAREWELL TO THE CHEVALIER.

'Away—my prince!—the boatmen wait,  
To waft thee o'er the billowy brine;  
Away!—and heed not Flora's fate,  
Her weal and woe are twined with thine.  
And never more may it be mine,  
To view thee on thy father's shore;  
Till favouring fate the rightful line  
Of Albyn's exiled kings restore.

'O! by the flood mine eyes that fills,  
And by the truth tears well impart;  
Still though the stranger hath our hills,  
The Stuart owns each Highland heart.  
Hark! from each glen grief's accents start  
Where chief and vassal weep and wail  
For thee, my prince! for oh! thou art  
The kinsman of the mountain Gæil.

'Thy boat rests on the sandy beach,  
Thy bark rocks on the surging bay;  
Away!—ere thy pursuers reach  
With fiendish shout their princely prey.  
Hark! hark, I hear the blood-hounds bay,  
I see them sweep o'er down and dell;  
Lord of our hills, away!—away!  
Lord of our hearts, farewell!—farewell!

FAREWELL TO THEE—MY FATHER-LAND!

'Farewell to thee—my father-land!  
Though now no home to me;  
Farewell! ere parted from thy strand  
My wandering feet shall be.  
Ere fast through sparkling foam and spray  
Of ocean's breaking swell;  
Our far-bound vessel shapes her way—  
My father-land—farewell!

'For others in our sea-bound bark,  
Upon the beach there be  
Full many a wet eye—but I mark  
Not one that melts for me!  
Yet though I go unwept—my heart—  
Much more than tongue may tell,  
Feels now a bitter pang to part—  
My father-land—farewell!

'Yet I will bless thee mine own land!  
Yea love thee, though I have  
No home upon my native strand—  
Fate even denies a grave.  
Though those now on thy shores I see,  
For me no sigh will swell;  
Adieu!—adieu! to them and thee  
My father-land—farewell!

'Fast flies our ship before the breeze,  
Like hart before the hounds;  
Resistless through the rolling seas,  
She swiftly—bravely bounds.  
The waters widen—deep and dark—  
Night draws her shadowy veil;  
Speed on!—speed on my gallant bark!  
My father-land—farewell!

These specimens speak for themselves, and must convince every one that Mr. Imlah is a minstrel of no ordinary ability, and that his songs possess a spirit not very usual in productions of this class.

*Journey from Buenos Ayres, through the Provinces of Cordova, Tucuman, and Salta, to Potosi, thence by the Deserts of Caranja to Arica, and subsequently to Santiago de Chili and Coquimbo.* By CAPTAIN ANDREWS, late Commander of H. C. S. Windham. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 674. London, 1827. Murray.

WE are not disposed to find fault with the number of works of travels, provided they contain matter for our amusement and edification; for enlarging our ideas, and extending our knowledge. Nor do we look so much for accuracy, much less elegance of language, as for correctness of detail in respect of the geography, production, manners, customs, &c. of the countries visited. Capt. Andrews has furnished the public with two very interesting volumes, containing much information respecting South America: and he has accomplished his object of steering his bark in good repute to the end of her voyage.

In his preface he makes some wise remarks respecting mining speculations, which some time since so utterly failed, and proved so destructive to the persons who embarked in them; amongst which, we think the following peculiarly just, referring to the absurdity of sending out men from this country to work mines of which they were utterly ignorant.

'Not the miner, but the capital was wanted, to replace that which the natives had lost; and this capital, seasonably introducing the improvements of European science in mechanics and the treatment of the ores, included all that was required. The European miner is, in fact, out of his element in South America. He can neither work as hard as the native, nor does he understand his business in that country so well. He must be paid ten times as much, and his food be provided at five times the expense. Mines in South America must be conducted on the same principles of cautious experience as are observed in similar undertakings by the natives, and the same general sys-



tem adopted, or they cannot be expected to remunerate adventurers.'

Had proper means been taken, much wealth, it seems, might have been obtained and accumulated. But we will proceed to the work itself, and give some of the most interesting passages.

The first relates to the city of Cordova:—

'This city was once the see of a bishop, and is situated in a shallow valley. The hills around are insignificant in size; but partially wooded, and kept in a state of excellent irrigation. The population, from the best source of information I could obtain, in the absence of correct data, may be from eight to nine thousand, or perhaps ten. The granite hills in its vicinity afford abundant ores, and they possess the necessities of wood, water, mules, and pasturage for cattle in abundance.'

'The cathedral of Cordova, constructed after the Moorish gothic fashion, is an imposing edifice. There are still existing in the city convents of all the orders. There is also a college, once the property of the Jesuits, and devoted to learning as taught by them; but this is now reduced to the level of a mere preparatory school, for want, as its present polite governor assured me, of competent professors, and funds to provide for them. The rich and extensive estates with which it was endowed have gone to decay, since the grand staple trade of Cordova, namely that in mules with Peru, has been extinguished by the war. One cannot help regretting to see in so fine a country so many objects capable of improvement, and of giving sustenance and comfort to a numerous population, as well as wealth to the capitalist, lying neglected for want of money to reinstate them.'

'The Alameda is situated at one extremity of the city. It is a most agreeable promenade, the best I have seen in South America. Its form is square, with regular avenues of trees, and stone seats between them. There is a fine sheet of water in the centre, and also a temple or pavilion, to which parties frequently go and form pic-nics. Besides the numbers of pretty women and cavaliers who promenade there, during the delicious evenings of that fine latitude, there is a fund of amusement for the curious stranger in viewing the groups of women, who repair thither from the suburbs for water. There they crack their jokes, and hold their gossip together, and then walk away with large vases upon their heads of elegant shape, made of the clay of the country. Though full to the brim, they manage never to spill a drop; yet the base of the vessel tapers away, and is inserted in a pad. When empty, they have a custom of carrying them on one side, which at a distance gives them the appearance of soldiers with sharpshooters' caps.'

'The action of the horses trained for ladies' use is peculiar; they are taught by a hide tether fastened to their fetlocks, which obliges them to move with a pace which may be styled a species of dog trot, rather than any thing else, or it may be compared to the amble of our own horses. In South America I observed that this practice was not confined alone to animals. I was informed that young ladies were formerly (if not at present, in some old-fashioned corners of the country,) treated in a similar manner; and really if the inimitable gait of the South American ladies be attributable to this mode of drilling them to use their legs, the art is well worth adopting in England, and has the advantage of being quickly

learnt. For example, let the careful mamma take her daughter's ancles and noose them with ribbons of the requisite lengths for the step required. Next, chalk the floor at the distances, and in the figure which taste may dictate. On one side of the room a scale of inches may be laid down corresponding to the figures by which to increase the length, size, and time, *secundum artem*. Now set the little miss going, and watch her carriage and the pointing of her toes as she proceeds, which may be adjusted or rectified at pleasure, after the latest and most approved law of fashion, and according to the rules of attitude and gesture of Sebastiano Fandango. In the course of a dozen lessons the young lady will be an adept and able to parade on an English Alameda with the majestic air of a South American belle.'

*Crossing the Saladillo.*—'The balsa or hide boat is formed of a bullock's skin squared, and brought together with a single fastening at the corners. It looks, at a distance, like a bohea tea chest floating down the stream. A couple of trunks being first put into this cockle boat by way of ballast, I soon saw, by its elastic motion, that there was an absolute necessity for preserving a nice balance while crossing. To this I observed my pilotess was particularly attentive; she fixed me in the centre of the hide at the exact place of gravity, with a care not at all requisite to an old seaman. Here then I took my seat, having previously prepared for a swim. The line of the "balsa" was now taken between the teeth of the swimmer, and she buffeted the stream with a spirit that made the current sparkle. Occasionally she turned her head with an expression of encouragement upon me, as much as to say "don't be frightened." I could not, however, help reflecting upon my singular situation, as I crossed; only the thickness of a hide between me and eternity, and indebted solely to the address of a woman in swimming for my safety! The ferrying over the carriage was a duty which devolved wholly upon the men, who impelled it across upon casks with as much facility as the women had conducted the "balsas." It was four hours before we got every thing securely over, after which we warmed our shivering water nymphs internally with a little aguardiente before a blazing fire.'

Of table ceremonies at Santiago del Estero, it is remarked,—

'I found the same kind feeling manifested here towards strangers as elsewhere; every house was open to the English, and what little they had to offer was freely and heartily given. We dined with the family, which I have before mentioned, the day after our arrival, and received a kindness and attention almost distressing to us. We were not only cloyed to suffocation, by the quantity we were forced to take, but reduced to the predicament, awkward enough to an Englishman, of exchanging love titbits from each other's forks. The wine glass was interchanged, so as that it might be sipped from the exact spot where the fragrant or fragrant lips, (as they might happen to be) of the Senorita, who offered the token of regard, had deposited their vapour. At this latter ceremony, the eyes have a considerable task to perform. They must be fixed upon the object they may not care to gaze upon, as tenderly as possible. I never felt so ridiculous, and I had almost said abashed, in my life, as on these occasions. I wished the dinner at the devil a hundred times before it was half concluded,

Besides this, there is the additional misery attached to their turtle-dove system of drinking, that you are perpetually thinking you will soon be done up, upon the sweet unclarified wine of the Rioja, and that a terrible headache, like the sword of Damocles, is hanging over you, as a consequence the next morning.'

The following extract, relative to mule equipage and travelling, is interesting:—

'The costume for a mountain traveller, in addition to the saddle equipage, is a broad brimmed straw hat, for a shade; also a handkerchief to be tied round the head and face, to avert the detrimental effects of the sun and wind upon the skin. A rough jacket and trousers, if of flushing the better, as in the day time a poncho may be substituted while the heat lasts; which it is customary to draw tight round the loins, when not required to be so used. A pair of gaucho boots, fabricated with worsted, to draw over the knees and fasten as gaiters, with a strap under the foot. A pair of stout spurs are necessary, with rowels an inch in diameter. A pair of bullock's horns with stoppers, to carry water or other liquid. A couple of saddle bags made of worsted, to contain such provisions as the traveller may choose to take without stopping; a stock of cigars must not be forgotten. The latter are not only for the traveller's private use, but to present to the capitaz and peons, and keep them in good humour. The best store for pic-nic haltings, is composed of hams and tongues; minced charque, which the natives flavour with herbs and spice; these, together with onions, frijoles, (beans,) grease, and a little flour to thicken all, the peons make into a kettle of excellent soup. A quantity of biscuits and sweet rusks are indispensable, bread not being commonly purchasable at the post houses. An iron kettle, and a copper one for tea or coffee, with an English canteen, render the traveller a sovereign in the deserts of the Andes.'

'In respect to mule travelling itself, there is, as before observed, nothing upon earth half so tedious and wearisome. These animals have no regular pace; one doubles, another shuffles, a third will now and then canter, but this is seldom; yet a high bred mule has often spirit enough to gallop a mile or two upon a stretch. It may be easily guessed, therefore, that what is called keeping company with another on the road is out of the question, except at a drawling pace, too expensive in time and aching bones to keep up. Thus each makes his own way in silent thought, or unsocial sulkiness. If the traveller feel in good spirits, cast as he is on his own resources for amusement, he tries every possible experiment to beguile the tedium which is around and upon him. He has, besides, to avert the solar rays as much as possible, and even their reflection upon his face, especially if passing among slaty rocks, along the mountain's steep, or over the white sand-hills which abound on his route through the plains. The baggage mules require all the attention of the capitaz, who is also the guide, and they proceed so slowly, that keeping near them irritates the nerves with their vexatious crawling. If you start off alone you fear to lose your way, and the propensity felt to do so and halt till the baggage comes up is checked. When I was sure of the road for a good distance, I found it pleasant to advance a league or two a-head, dismount, and go to sleep till the capitaz and his train reached me. Often, by way of refreshing myself, I have taken off my clothes, and when the opportunity admit-



ted, enjoyed the inexpressible luxury of bathing in the mountain torrents.'

Arrived at St. Jago de Cotagaita, an inconsiderable place, though the capital of the mining province of Chichas, our author says,—

'We halted and took our refreshment under the shade of a tree very remarkable on two accounts; in the first place, for the numerous miracles which had been performed under it, and in the second, for the number of little warblers that sheltered in its branches. These birds crowd it throughout the entire year in myriads; they are so small and nimble in their motions, that the eye can scarcely catch them; what species they are, I know not for certain; but from their plumage and notes, they resemble the small Indian Abadevat, (*Fringilla Amanda* of Linnæus;) their song is in unison, and forms a sweet melancholy music. The inhabitants cherish these little songsters almost with religious respect. No offer could induce the boys, who came to stare at us, to secure one for a specimen.'

'After passing the Pueblo of Saint Jago de Cotagaita, our road lay along the banks of the Rio Chico, through a continued range of magnificent mountains and basins, such as I have before mentioned. The population along this line of road is entirely Indian, under a regular Alcalde government, and they inhabit the luxuriant borders of a stream, which is irrigated and cultivated with even Chinese economy. It struck me as curious too, that their dress resembled the Chinese, as well as some peculiarities in their manners. During the mid-day we refreshed ourselves near the dwelling of a Cacique under the wide-spreading branches of a fig-tree, which yielded a grateful moisture to our sun-burnt lips never to be forgotten. The station of this family seemed to be of the highest order of its tribe, judging from the donative ornament worn by the mistress of the house, a mark of Indian consideration and consequence. It is an implement applicable to three purposes, namely, a pin to braid the hair at one end, serving also as a fork, at the other spoon-shaped and used as such. In the present instance this ornament was gold, but of rude workmanship. A child about four years old was sitting feeding itself in the mother's lap, while the indefatigable parent (for these people are rarely idle) was busy extracting from the child's head, and exterminating, as monkeys would, insects which it is needless to name. The Indians are generally accompanied by a black cur kind of dog. The *Perro Negro*, as they call the animal, is his master's friend through life, and the destined pilot of his voyage to the promised Elysium hereafter. To arrive at this happy land, rivers are to be crossed, and the dog is to convey over his master's provisions, a store of which is always inhumed with each upon his decease. These Indians are very industrious. The men cultivate the land or look after their flocks, from sunrise to sunset. The women are busied in knitting, spinning, weaving, and various domestic occupations. Idleness is deemed almost a crime amongst them. They are robust, but by no means so athletic or stout as the Malays and Chinese, and I observed they decreased in stature as we approached the more inhospitable regions of Potosi. The mode of digging among this people is very curious and ungainly. Four Indians are employed in the operation, the work of a single individual with us. The implement they use is a simple wooden spit or

fork, with a projecting arm let in about a foot from the point, by which they force it into the ground; the quantity of earth thrown up by a unity of these instruments, which they press into the ground to the tune of a song, I observed to be about equal to what a common gardener's spade would throw up; the celerity, however, and precision with which they worked, was truly surprising.'

As to Indian justice, it is remarked,—

'At three p. m. we reached the Indian village of Orenoka, a place of considerable population in the curacy of Andamarca. It has about a hundred and forty houses, part of which, however, are unoccupied. It stands on the declivity of a sandy and barren hill. The houses were roofed with the *Cactus Peruvianus*. They appeared an industrious race, and when absent from their houses during the day, they secured their doors with wooden locks, of the Chinese principle, unless when they had an aged person to keep watch in them. On each side of their doors, I observed a pile of stones, but could not find for what purpose placed there, if from a religious motive or from custom. Many of these people were busy spinning llama wool, or weaving sacking or cloth for jackets, trousers, or women's bayeta garments. Their agricultural utensils were of wood, and they had no furniture. I observed here in the heart of the desert the remains of an English hoe. The most intelligent of these people had never heard of such a nation as the English. The men were of middling stature, inclining to robustness of form, and better looking than the women, who were ugly. They seemed to live in harmony, governed by a cacique, according to the Peruvian custom. I had an opportunity of seeing the cacique administer justice. He was surrounded by a council of men and women. The case was that of a woman accused of stealing young llamas, which had been supposed carried off by foxes, but the inhabitants could not find traces of foxes in the neighbourhood. The first day, the accuser made his charge openly; the second day it was met by the accused, and the third, judgment was to be awarded. A verdict or opinion was taken from those present as from a council or jury, for at the conclusion they separated, the men on one side and the women on the other. They then spoke their opinions separately, with hands lifted up as in solemn asseveration, during which they all uncovered their heads. It appeared that the accused had many powerful friends. A discussion took place, and judgment was referred to the subdelegado of the province.'

Desert productions, &c. :—

'My journey through the night was still by a succession of mountain and vale, along a deep strait, in which the moon only occasionally befriended us, when in some winding of the pass, she suddenly broke upon our gloomy road. I much regret not having had daylight in travelling through this scenery. At one deep strait the Pacific arose full in front, across me, like a dark wall, though twenty leagues distant. It seemed to be piled up into the clouds, a vast barrier to my progress. Upon it, or rather apparently hung against it, and close to me, was a round black object, which had the appearance of a hat in shape, and so near, I could almost touch it, as I fancied. This, my guide told me, was an island, in form exactly like a friar's hat, and called therefrom *Sombrero del Freyle*. I could scarcely imagine I was not close upon the ocean; so marvellous was the illusion from the hollow where I stood;

it was no less grand than extraordinary. About three in the morning, we reached the house of a friend of the arrieros, near Tacna.

'The vegetable productions of the desert, though not numerous, are very singular, and their general character as to form is globular. Thus mounds of moss, resembling the hillocks of mossy grass seen on flat grounds in this country are observed in many parts, but almost mathematically circular. These globular mounds are of all sizes, from a foot to fifteen feet in diameter. The surface of the moss consists of minute stellated green leaves or flowers, at the top of dense stems and fibres, of a resinous, aromatic fragrance of smell. The whole mass is soft and yielding, and to the traveller's cheek and limbs very grateful, from which quality it is used as a couch of repose by the weary mule traveller, and none in such circumstances can be more luxuriant. The verdant appearance of these hillocks relieves the eye amid the desert, when nothing else but rocks and sand hills, excepting the torch thistle, its very reverse in appearance, it to be observed, or a few bushes of the carob. The spines of the latter are three or four inches in length, and are converted by the natives into nails and knitting needles.

'Upon the sides of the mountains we observed a singular species of bramble, growing as it were in balls. The spines were horn shaped, intersecting each other, having their points inverted, so that the hand might press their surface without being wounded. These globes of thorns, at least the smaller portion of them, might be kicked off the ground entire, so little was the hold they had of the earth at their roots.'

'I must here notice, among other desultory observations on the desert route, some curious phenomena. It was after crossing one of the traversas or desert plains, on reaching an eminence, that I saw them. We calculated that there was a considerable population on the ground we were approaching, from numerous columns which arose before us, apparently of smoke. But they mounted in the air perpendicularly, and for this we could not account, as it blew a gale at the time. Still thinking it strange that smoke should thus ascend, we journeyed onward down into the plains themselves where they arose. We now discovered that they were whirlwinds of sand. On getting into their vortex, which happened several times, we found it no very agreeable thing, for, independently of the indraught threatening every moment to take the mule off its legs, they were attended with a dizzy, confusing, whizzing noise, astounding to the rider, while the mule knew not whether to stand still or advance. To shut our eyes, and spur the animal forward was our only mode of escaping from their power. These winds must act on a considerable surface at once, as they swept onward with us, at times, maintaining their spiral circular form. At a distance the columns never appeared to move laterally, but only to mount up into the air as smoke from a rancho fire. It is probable they are carried far before the wind, and that by this means, many districts, formerly fertile, have been rendered barren wastes, showers of sand from the columns being borne irresistibly along. Something of this nature may account for the country around the ancient Indian burying ground becoming a desert, for cities and fertility must have existed there.'

*Indian Farms.*—'The admirable industry and patient habits of the Indians, are nowhere better displayed than in their little farms, wherein the land and tenement of the holder



are plotted out. Having gone to the expense of irrigation, he holds at a quit rent of eight dollars, once payable to the king, but now from new arrangements made redeemable, by which this industrious class will become freeholders and freemen. The land thus brought into culture does not much exceed a league either way, and is watered entirely by ducts, or azequias, brought from the river, which skirts the town at a convenient distance. It is thence subdivided into smaller channels, suited to the wants of all, with the most rigid regard to economy, not a drop is wasted. Stated periods are fixed to turn it upon each partition of land, and the disputes about every pint of it are perhaps the only ones these inoffensive people have. The head cacique, who collects the annual tribute, has for his guarantee of risk in payment, the whole stream on Thursdays, and the second cacique the same that day night. The first is said to reap an income of six or seven thousand dollars from the quantity he dispenses, over and above the wants of his own lands. As much care is used in allotting each proprietor his share of water, as Whitbread or Barclay would use in tunnelling out their porter.

*Coquimbo*—“contains about six thousand inhabitants. It is built like all the other South American towns, with rectangular streets, and is interestingly situated. It is situated on the south side of the river, which is brought into the town itself by a canal, and subdivided into lesser channels, which convey it to the houses and gardens. The country around the town, except where it is thus irrigated, is barren. It is, however, capable of improvement by the same means as the part cultivated at present.”

“The sea rolls upon the beach with great violence, throwing up immense quantities of large muscles, most delicious eating. The natives, when the tide is falling, collect them in quantities, and carry them to the town. There is an abundance of shell-fish at Coquimbo, besides a great variety of other species, adapted to the refined taste of the most discriminating gourmand.”

“I was much amused in my frequent journeys between the port and town, to see the diving birds pouncing down from a great elevation upon their finny prey, twenty or thirty at once, as if in understood concert. Nearer the beach the gull that sweeps the surface of the mightiest ocean of the globe, hovered, watching the crabs, which the heavy surf cast up on the shore. This bird would take them on high and then let them fall on the shingle to crack their shells, and I have seen the same unlucky crab, endure this three or four times, till the object of its torturer was attained. I observed another species of bird of prey, with an open bill formed like scissors, the lower part plowing below the surface of the water, and taking the fish near it, by closing the upper half upon its prisoner.”

*Notes of a Bookworm; or, Selections from the Portfolio of a Literary Gentleman.* No. I. London, 1827. Flutter.

This little production is to be completed in eight numbers; a number to be published every fortnight. And, as far as our influence may extend, we wish it success. The selections seem very good, and afford, at once, amusement and instruction. But the editor, rightly apprehending, he is not likely to please every body, offers to his readers an apology once made by a Spanish author, Mateo Aleman for his Guzman d'Alfarache,

which we think worthy of insertion here:—

“It will be with me and my history,” says he, “as it was with the author and his play. The poet went the first night into the pit, wrapped up in his cloak, that he might not be known, where he listened with great attention to learn the fate of his comedy. No sooner was the play begun, than those who stood behind him cried out, “Hold your head a little more to the left there, you hinder people from seeing.” While those on the left accosted him thus, “You, sir, with the cloak at midsummer, stand more to the right, if you please.” Thus addressed on both sides, the poor poet knew not which way to stir; but at length, to avoid offending both right and left, he stood sideling—a very uneasy posture, it must be confessed, for a man who wished to attend to what was passing; but what could he do? There was no other way to keep friends with every body, and he would have thought himself very happy if the people around had been so satisfied; which it seemed, however, they were resolved not to be. Presently his hat was found to be in their light. Off it went; but not enough even yet; for now one complained that his hair was rather troublesome, and hindered his sight. The poet very obligingly put it behind his ears, saying to himself, “sure this will do, or nothing; for they cannot well have more of me.” And yet Monsieur Author was mistaken, for a minute had not elapsed, ere a merry wight sung out from behind, “What a nose that fellow has; it may well hang in his own light, when it hangs in ours!” The poet, now somewhat nettled, had a great mind to be revenged by blowing it upon him as he passed by; but reflecting that his unfortunate nose really did bear some resemblance to the gnomon of a dial, and that, in the posture in which he stood, sometimes looking on the actors, sometimes on the audience, it probably might cast too much shadow, and displease such as are annoyed even by a fly's coming in their way; the complaisant author, unwilling to disoblige even this satirical rogue, turning about to him, said, “Sir, if my nose is troublesome to you, I will turn it to the other side;” and, accordingly, he turned it over his right shoulder, with his face towards the actors. Now it was worse than ever; for it looked like a sort of promontory, and from its protruding beyond the rest of his body, like a figure out of its place, it cast a greater shade than before, which an arch wag observing, bawled out, “What a nose, good gods, what a nose the man has!” Upon this the attention of all the spectators was directed to him, and several of them exclaimed, “What a nose the man has got!” The cry lasted a quarter of an hour, and the whole play house rung with “What a nose is there!” The poet, as you may well imagine, would have been very glad if he had been out of their way; but all he could do to put an end to the hurly-burly, which now highly enraged him, was to wrap his nose up in his cloak, and turn about, and stand like the rest in a natural posture. He, accordingly, took his hair from behind his ears, clapped his hat on his head again, and cared not a jot whether his hair, his hat, or his nose offended or not offended, nor who would have him stand sideways, who to the right, nor who to the left; but said he, “Let every man see as well as he can.” Our author's nose being now under his cloak, he changed his situation, and stood in his new place, where nobody knew him, in such a position as suited his own convenience, totally disregarding what others thought of him. By these means he not only

became free from all annoyance, but had the satisfaction of hearing those about him argue differently upon the merits of his play, and of observing how men liked or disliked it, according to their several humours or interests. If he had attempted to please all the world as to the position in which he stood, he could neither have seen nor heard any thing; and if he had endeavoured so to have altered his comedy as to have contented every one, he found that he must have written as many plays as there are different characters of men.”

*Medical Ethics; or, a Code of Institutes and Precepts, adapted to the Professional Conduct of Physicians and Surgeons.* By the late THOMAS PERCIVAL, M. D., &c. with Additions. 12mo. pp. 400. London, 1827. W. Jackson.

OF Dr. Percival's merits it is unnecessary to speak; he is known to have possessed the requisite qualifications for the honourable discharge of his duties, and for extending the boundaries of the healing art, as, quick penetration, a discerning judgment, and a deep sense of responsibility. His Medical Ethics needs no recommendation; it has long, and advantageously, been used by the junior members of the medical profession, and we doubt not will continue so to be. A good book may, however, sometimes be improved, and we doubt not it has been the endeavour of the editor to improve Dr. P.'s Ethics: accordingly, he has left out much useless matter, and has incorporated throughout new observations. We are far from approving of all the additional parts, and still less of the spirit from which many remarks appear to have proceeded; but still, as a whole, we recommend the perusal of the volume to those for whom it is intended,—“physicians and surgeons who, having gone through the regular forms of study, are about to embark in the practice of their profession.”

The observations on keeping registers of cases visited seems important:—

“The author of the biography of the second Munro ascribes the eminence of that individual, to a habit of noting down cases. We owe the works of the late Dr. Parry, which exhibit a pure science but seldom found in modern writings on medicine, to a similar practice. He says, “The great book of nature, which is alike open to all, and is incapable of deceiving, I have hourly read, and I trust not wholly in vain. During the first twelve or fourteen years of my professional life, I recorded almost every case which occurred to me either in private practice, or in the chief conduct of an extensive charity. When afterwards the multiplication of common examples seemed to me an unnecessary waste of inestimable time, which might be much more profitably employed, I contented myself with the more useful task of recording chiefly such cases, or on occasions, such particular circumstances only of cases, as led to the establishment of principles. This I have generally done on the spot, or rarely deferred beyond the day of observation, always rejecting what, on repeated varied inquiry, I have not been able to verify.” Would that he had lived to perfect this great work of unremitted industry.”

“His cases were chiefly recorded on scraps, and written in his carriage. Though but “the baby figure of that giant mass” which could only have been moulded into form and excel-



lence by means of the materials which perished with the mind of the author, they are even as "disjecta membra" a treasury of sound knowledge. It is singular that persons are generally appointed to public institutions who are least disposed to literary communication; who, with perfect apathy to science, habitually suffer the most interesting facts to pass through their notice into oblivion. Hence, if not in surgery, it has happened at all events in medicine, that almost every improvement has been promulgated by men, who had only the scanty opportunities of private practice. As long as public institutions are at the command of private influence, and solicited for purposes of private interests, science will be little benefited in the manner recommended by Dr. Percival. In private practice, "the very multiplication of the opportunities of knowledge so harrasses and fatigues by the incessant practice of the art, as often to afford little leisure or inclination to cultivate and extend the science." Sir Astley Cooper, in his lectures, was wont to observe, that it were much to be wished that country practisers would more frequently benefit the world with their observations.

Not unimportant, too, are the remarks relative to physicians casually called in:—

"In medical practice, it is not an unfrequent occurrence, that a physician is hastily summoned, through the anxiety of the family, or the solicitation of friends, to visit a patient, who is under the regular direction of another physician, to whom notice of this call has not been given. Under such circumstances, no change in the treatment of the sick person should be made, till a previous consultation with the stated physician has taken place, unless the lateness of the hour precludes meeting, or the symptoms of the case are too pressing to admit of delay. Thus Percival. In the Statutes of Morality of the London College of Physicians, a second physician was enjoined not to cause the rejection of the first, nor attempt innovation, and in all cases to inquire whether any physician had previously prescribed, under a penalty of £1."

A good deal of information is communicated as to the different colleges, and the advantages and disadvantages of each, but for this, we must refer to the work itself.

Who is the most respectable surgeon?—Our author replies to the question; whether satisfactorily or not, we leave to our readers:

"The respectable surgeon occupies a private dwelling. In his practice, as in his education, he embraces both surgery and medicine. He may dispense his own medicines *privately*; but if his avocations are extensive, and circumstances admit of it, he withdraws from pharmacy. In Edinburgh, almost alone, the most eminent surgeons keep medicines. In Dublin, the surgeon prohibited from pharmacy by the college, holds the most respectable station in society. In this case, in England, the surgeon is remunerated by fees, or charges for attendance, according to the circumstances of his patients. If his prescriptions are sent to a druggist, the sum paid to him for medical or surgical attendance, added to the druggist's bill, except to the very opulent, varies but little from the general amount of an apothecary's bill, in case of an apothecary's attendance—besides the benefit of very superior professional knowledge. The more general practitioner may be absolutely required in scattered and poorer districts; but there are certain landmarks and divisions which do not form merely

artificial distinctions as to comparative rank and intelligence. When an individual becomes more of a general practiser than is described; his commerce with petty details, and extended intercourse with the inferior ranks of society, prevent the same reasonable and solid opportunities of dedicating himself to the more instructive pursuit of his profession, as when his place in life is more private. It is a long exploded notion in the profession, that men "are always the most experienced, who see the greatest number of patients." The understanding does not gallop so fast as the doctor does. A physician, who is constantly on the trot, may see too much, and think too little."

There is a good deal of truth in that part of the work which refers to quack medicines, cure mongering, &c. but we cannot approve of all which we find there. One extract, almost made at random, must suffice:—

"It may be asked on what criterion, except performed cures, is the reason to rest? The learned Dr. Young says, that every man may judge whether a physician cures his patients! Let the educated acquaint themselves with the philosophy of disease, and in the analysis of pretended cures, learn to separate truth from error. One fails, and another gives remedies; the patient recovers. But after a long and seeming fruitless use of remedies, do not diseases often undergo spontaneous improvement? Do no intermediate circumstances ever interpose, to influence the result of treatment at one time, which may not have conspired to effect an auspicious change previously; for example, a more congenial atmosphere, a more tranquil frame of mind, which are agents of great power? It was said by the chemists, of their darling Mercury, that if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all its properties would not be found out. Regarded as equally wonder-working in modern times, principally by its means, many crazy constitutions are cobbled for a time, which recede afterwards; and ought such cases to be considered cures, before they have stood the test of one or two years at least? The genius of the constitution, and its variable dispositions, are taken into no account by those, who, unaccustomed to reason soundly upon the dependencies of events in physic, constantly ascribe effects to false causes, by the rule *ergo hoc propter hoc*. The same vulgar errors occur, in ascribing the causes of diseases. The cholera-morbus, or bowel complaint, which is usual in the solstice, owing to certain atmospheric influences, is always imputed to the last act of deglutition; and the exciting causes are therefore as numerous, as the gastronomical luxuries contained in the "Domestic Cookery, by a Lady." In the March to Finchley, Hogarth makes the anxious countenance of a serjeant, who is micturating against a wall, suddenly illumined by the sight of Dr. Rock's advertisement, of an infallible cure for a disease, the most acute sensations of which, he, at that moment experiences. Implied faith, between the patient and the practiser, is the sheet anchor of both. Take this, and it will make you whole, is a cordial to the heart. By faith, John Hunter's pills cured timid bridegrooms, and dissipated refractory gonorrhœas. An ague, that has defied a college, has vanished before the spell of a village witch, and the apostolical forgeries of a Hohenlohe. The contact of the black sticks, used to detect the absurdity of Parkin's metallic tractors, gave excruciating torture to the sailor in the hospital. A patient, who bore about him a mortal ma-

lady, surrendered himself to a curemonger in a watering place, with an understanding that he was not to expect a change before six months. A friend, who saw the daily fee, and daily deceit, expostulated with the sick man. "For God's sake!" exclaimed the patient, "destroy not the hopes that man holds out; upon them I live, without them I die." It was his last rest upon a broken reed; and the change came true to the time, but not to the bond. Some years since, the child of Lord A. lay ill at Cheltenham. His lordship requested that he might send express for an old woman in London, who scared Death from his prey, by wagging her thumb over the patient. An eminent physician in attendance, Dr. —, expressed no objection, provided the policular flexion would cure the disease. "Oh!" said his lordship, "she is infallible!" but the thumb was wagged and wagged, and the infant expired. This woman is said to net one thousand pounds per annum, at the expense of aristocratical wisdom!!! The dilemma never occurs, that there is no alternative between patronizing ignorance and cunning, and employing imbecility, which may sometimes be seen even in learned and worthy men. It therefore implies a culpable perversion of the faculties which God has given to man, that they should exalt individuals of inferior education, of palpable deficiency, even in the common use of their own language, over others of superior capacity and skillfulness; and thus level and confound the chief distinction between men and brutes. It is not the least important consequence, that society is thus deprived of valuable and efficient members of the profession."

*First Lines of Science; or a Comprehensive and Progressive View of Modern Scientific Discovery and Invention.* By JAMES MITCHELL. Post 8vo. pp. 348. Tegg, 1827.

THE publisher of this little volume, has the merit of having provided several able caterers for the mental cultivation of the rising generation, and Mr. Mitchell may be justly classed among the number. The 'First Lines of Science,' are by no means what the title would imply, mere outlines. We have not only the usual division and sub-division of the various branches of physical science, and the sections classed in a tolerably progressive order, but the author has condensed the subject matter of what, in the Cyclopædia form, would occupy at least two volumes quarto, into one small octavo.

We are great advocates for cheap publications; feeling the conviction that the extraordinary 'march of mind' which has distinguished the present generation, is chiefly to be ascribed to this agency. Not that we have any objection to the classical margins, and spacious leading of some of our west-end friends. There ought to be editions like edifices to suit every class of customers; yet, while we delight to roam among the splendid vellums and superb folios of the patrician mansion, we must not forget that the lower orders purchase books *to read*; and purchase them often at a considerable sacrifice of the personal comforts, if not necessities of life. We therefore congratulate the author or publisher of every cheap and useful publication, in having contributed, more or less, to the welfare and advancement of his species.



But we must proceed to a short analysis of the work before us, after noticing the self-accusation which the author prefers in his introductory remarks. He modestly observes—

‘That on the ground of utility, the editor may be thought to have neglected some of the essential parts of a course of scientific instruction. Arithmetic, algebra, and the higher branches of the mathematics, it will be said, form the basis of all acquirements which assume the lofty name of science. This is certainly most true; and it may be sufficient to observe in reply, that throughout the following work, it is taken for granted, that the reader has previously made himself acquainted with the two former, and that he possesses such a share of knowledge of the latter, as will enable him to enter into the investigation of any subject requiring such aid.’

Now, with submission to the editor, we think the chief value of his work is, that it is calculated (both from its popular form and cheapness) for circulation among that numerous class of readers who are totally ignorant, or extremely superficial in algebra and the higher branches of the mathematics. The fact, indeed, requires to be acknowledged by every man not wedded to the *systems* of education pursued in our great public seminaries, that a man may arrive at a very high proficiency in various branches of practical science and the arts, without possessing any sensible store of mathematical acquirements. The extraordinary progress of chemistry alone, has done more towards the advancement of human economy within the last twenty years, than mathematical science could have accomplished in as many centuries. That the rudiments of the mathematical sciences are essential to constitute a liberal education we fully admit; but in a country like England, which possesses essentially, an *operative* instead of a *speculative* population, the mathematical sciences have hitherto occupied a greater share of attention in the instruction of youth, than their relative importance in the progress of human knowledge can justify.

The order of classification adopted by Mr. Mitchell, might, in our opinion, be improved by placing geology and mineralogy *after*, instead of *before* natural philosophy and chemistry. It is much less trouble for a student to refer back for first principles, than to contend with the stumbling blocks in the artificial system of mineralogy, invented by the visionary professors of the German school, and which, for a time, became naturalized in this country by the professors of a northern university. And, we think, Mr. Mitchell might have collected together better materials *at the present day* for the study of mineralogy, than mere extracts from the translator of Werner’s Mineralogy.

The observations of the author on geology, will give the reader a tolerable view of the recent discoveries and researches of Mr. Buckland and other geologists; it is a subject well deserving the attention of every English student—being so intimately connected with those branches of the arts, which may be called the staple riches of our island—its metallic mines and coaleries.

The late discoveries in electric magnetism,

by Mr. Ousted, Mr. Barlow, and others, as well as the meteorological essays of Mr. Daniell, are also brought down to the present period. But the principal novelty in the little volume before us (as a non-medical work,) is, that the author has given an interesting chapter on the present state of physiological knowledge. We know not why physiological inquiries should be limited to the medical profession. Though we would not recommend every man to be his own physician (from the conviction that he would often consult a quack,) yet the study of anatomy, and a knowledge of the laws of the vital functions, affords such a beautiful field of inquiry, and enables a man to prove himself beneficial, not only to his own species, but to the brute creation, in such a variety of circumstances where he may be placed, that we know of no branch of human acquirement which would require, to an equal degree, the labour of patient investigation. Mr. Mitchell has shown much judgment in the compilation of his chapter, from the writings of Mr. Lawrance and other writers on physiology; and has reduced the subject into that popular form which is within the comprehension of any ordinary reader, and at the same time without any disquisition which would render it unfit for the perusal of the junior members of the more amiable sex. In a few words, we may venture to recommend the ‘First Lines of Science’ to a very large circle of our friends, who flatter themselves with having made no slight advances within the *second* lines. Mr. Mitchell has produced what we suppose he intended to produce—a compendium of physical science, adapted for the use of schools.

#### THACKERAY’S LIFE OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

(Continued from p. 483.)

MR. THACKERAY’S merits, as a biographer, may be, in a good degree, appreciated by the characters which he draws of distinguished men. Amongst others, we find the following:—

*Lord Carteret.*—‘He was certainly one of the most accomplished men in Europe. He was born in 1690. Both at Westminster School and at Oxford he was celebrated for his attainments in classical literature. He afterwards became a proficient in the modern languages of Europe, in philosophy, and in every kind of polite learning. Ardent and aspiring in his disposition, he possessed many powerful requisites to secure success to his ambition. Indefatigable in acquiring knowledge, with a great capacity for business, his eloquence was well adapted to display his acquirements; but from his general qualifications as a statesman some material deductions must be made. Although rapid and copious in his elocution, his vehemence occasionally betrayed him into bombast. The same cause rendered him sometimes rash and precipitate in his projects, negligent of consequences, and extravagant in his views. Although he was handsome and engaging in his person, and by no means deficient in manners or address, he too often refused to employ the common forms of courtesy and conciliation towards his associates in office. He could not but be conscious of the great abilities he possessed, but he presumed too much upon them, and often offended his colleagues by his arro-

gance and contemptuous behaviour. His convivial qualities, also, were unfavourable to his stability as a minister: for they often betrayed him into excess. When warmed with wine, he often forgot moderation in his language and demeanour—assumed an offensive tone of superiority over his companions, and launched forth into the sea of his boundless imagination.’

*The Duke of Newcastle.*—‘The princely fortune of this nobleman, and his zeal for the House of Hanover, brought him early into official employment. Although not deficient in intellect and quickness of apprehension, he was miserably devoid of firmness and decision of character. That state of restlessness and anxiety which is so repugnant to the health and inclinations of most men, was the one in which he seemed most to delight. But however congenial to his own feelings, this must have fevered and perplexed his colleagues; and it is surprising that a man of so fretful a temper, and, in most respects, so unqualified for business, should so long have been able to retain his employments. The political integrity of the Duke of Newcastle has been highly extolled, but how this can be reconciled to his known and habitual violations of his promises, to the servile adulation which he offered to those in the highest offices, and exacted from those beneath him; and to his desertion of his fallen friends, I am not able to determine. Horace Walpole tells us that his father said of Newcastle “his name is treachery;” and a judicious living historian has remarked that “weakness of counsels, fluctuation of opinion, and deficiency of spirit marked his administration during an inglorious period of sixteen years; from which England did not recover, until the mediocrity of his ministerial talents, and the indecision of his character were controlled by the ascendancy of Pitt.”’

*General Wolfe.*—The difficulties which General Wolfe had to encounter were little known, the hopes of the nation were founded upon his high character. ‘With the single exception, perhaps, of a robust constitution, nature had bestowed upon Wolfe every requisite for military command. His courage was of the highest order, mental and bodily; it was not only undaunted, even to a contempt of danger, but steady and unvaried to avert, overcome, or encounter difficulties and death. With an unusual sensibility, amounting almost to impetuosity of temper, he was not subject to passion; with the loftiest independence, he was free from pride. Generous, almost to profusion, he not only despised every sordid method of enriching himself, but sought out objects of charity and beneficence. The needy subaltern frequently partook of his bounty, and the deserving soldier never went unrewarded from his presence. His other great qualities, which were also eminently useful to him as a soldier, must have raised him equally in other professions\*. His memory was retentive, his judgment sound, and his perception quick, clear, and comprehensive. Gentle and conciliating in his manners, he was manly and unreserved in his deportment and conversation. Although he was discerning in his attachments, his friends were numerous and warm. The most

\* ‘The minds of some men are so elevated above the common understanding of their fellow-creatures, that they are by many charged with enthusiasm, and even with madness. When George II. was once expressing his admiration of Wolfe, some one observed that the general was mad. “Oh! he is mad, is he?” said the king with great quickness, “then I wish he would bite some other of my generals.”’



ardent love of glory glowed in his breast, and for ever excited his energies and thoughts, his studies and pursuits. He lost no moments in qualifying himself for every department of his profession. His written compositions are inferior to those of no other military author.

How he fell is known to all. The difficulties he had to contend with at Quebec, were such as would have induced a general of less firmness, ardour, or resources, to abandon the enterprise:—

‘On one side of Quebec he saw a precipice, defended by the whole force of the enemy. On the other side he knew the country to be extremely rugged, broken by gullies and ravines, and intersected by numerous rivulets. The position of the enemy’s forces was no less impregnable. The whole north shore of the river St. Lawrence, for many leagues above and below Quebec, is extremely bold. A sand bank, of great extent, prevents the approach of large vessels, and the few points which nature has left unguarded were most strongly defended by the French general, Montcalm.’

Lord Orford’s description of his death is too beautiful to be omitted:—

‘The rapidity with which our arms had prevailed in every quarter of the globe, made us presume that Canada could not fail of being added to our acquisitions; and, however arduously won, it would have sunk in value if the transient cloud that overcast the dawn of this glory had not made it burst forth with redoubled lustre. The incidents of dramatic fiction could not be conducted with more address to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation, than accident prepared to excite the passions of a whole people. They despaired—they triumphed—and they wept—for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment were painted in every countenance; the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting! Wolfe between persuasion of the impracticability, unwillingness to leave any attempt untried that could be proposed, and weariness and anxiety of mind and body, had determined to make one last effort above the town. He embarked his forces at one in the morning, and passed the French sentinels in silence that were posted along the shore. The current carried them beyond the destined spot. They found themselves at the foot of a precipice, esteemed so impracticable, that only a slight guard of one hundred and fifty men defended it. Had there been a path, the night was too dark to discover it. The troops, whom nothing could discourage, for these difficulties could not, pulled themselves and one another up by stumps and boughs of trees. The guard hearing a rustling, fired down the precipice at random, as our men did up into the air; but, terrified by the strangeness of the attempt, the French picquet fled—all but the captain, who, though wounded, would not accept quarter, but fired at one of our officers at the head of five hundred men. This, as he staked but a single life, was thought such an unfair war, that, instead of honouring his desperate valour, our men, to punish him, cut off his croix de St. Louis before they sent him to the hospital. Two of our officers, however, signed a certificate of his courage, lest the French should punish him as corrupted—our enterprises, unless facilitated by corruption, being deemed impossible to have taken place. Day-break discovered our forces in possession of the eminence. Montcalm could not credit it when

reported to him—but it was too late to doubt, when nothing but a battle could save the town. Even then he held our attempt so desperate, that being shown the position of the English, he said, “Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être.” Forced to quit his entrenchments, he said, “S’il faut donc combattre, je vais les écraser.” He prepared for engagement, after lining the bushes with detachments of Indians. Our men, according to orders, reserved their fire with a patience and tranquillity equal to the resolution they had exerted in clambering the precipice—but when they gave it, it took place with such terrible slaughter of the enemy, that half an hour decided the day. The French fled precipitately, and Montcalm, endeavouring to rally them, was killed on the spot. General Monckton was wounded early, and obliged to retire. The fall of Wolfe was noble indeed. He received a wound in the head, but covered it from his soldiers with his handkerchief. A second ball struck him in the belly, that too he dissembled. A third hitting him in the breast, he sunk under the anguish, and was carried behind the ranks. Yet, as fast as life ebbed out, his whole anxiety centred on the fortune of the day. He begged to be borne nearer to the action; but his sight being dimmed by the approach of death, he entreated to be told what they who supported him saw; he was answered that the enemy gave ground. He eagerly repeated the question, heard the enemy was totally routed, cried, “I am satisfied!”—and expired.’

*Lord Chatham’s Family.*—‘Although he had received large bequests from private individuals, and was in the receipt of a considerable pension from the crown, he had not been able to make any suitable provision for his family. It was almost impossible that a mind employed, as his continually had been, upon public affairs, could enter into the minutiae of private economy. His eldest daughter was now (1772) sixteen, and his eldest son fifteen years of age. His second daughter thirteen, his second son twelve, and his youngest son ten years old. The eldest son was, I believe, destined for the army at an early age, and probably, at the time I speak of, had received his commission. The tender years and delicate health of the second son, William, forbade his parents to anticipate, with any confidence, his future profession. But the wonderful talents by which he was afterwards distinguished, were even, at this time, not unknown to his father, who cultivated them with the most anxious care. William Pitt, when about six years old, was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, afterwards prebendary of Gloucester and canon of Windsor, who attended him at his father’s house, and continued, for eight years, to superintend his education. Lord Chatham’s youngest son, James, was a youth of the most amiable disposition and promising talents. The daughters are said to have resembled their mother in their manners and acquirements. It is very gratifying to reflect, that the statesman, who had devoted his life to the severest application in the public cause, should have had so accomplished and interesting a family to soothe his declining years, and to exhilarate his hours of relaxation. Few men were able to enjoy these blessings with a juster sense of their value. Although, for nearly forty years, he had been accustomed,

“The applause of listening senates to command,” he well knew how to appreciate the happiness of domestic life. Ambition had, perhaps, indurated some feelings of the heart in his inter-

course with the political world; but his conduct, in every domestic relation, was through his life most exemplary and delightful.’

With another notice we shall conclude our review, in which we propose to consider the view taken by Mr. T. of his great subject at sundry important periods of Lord Chatham’s life.

*Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral; with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, &c.* By THOMAS WILLEMENT.  
(Concluded from page 362.)

WE have to apologize for not fulfilling our engagement to continue the notice of this most interesting work. We regret the omission the more, as the pursuits of heraldry are what we would urge upon the attention of our readers, and this single volume is so engaging a specimen of what may be expected to result from this branch of antiquarian study, that we owe it to the knowledge, taste, and industrious research of the author, to make it as public as our means can possibly afford.

The volume commences with the armorial bearings on Christ Church gate, Canterbury. These are twenty-eight in number, five of which are engraved as a head-piece to the opening page. Each shield is accompanied by a description of the family to which it relates, with a short historical and biographical account of the descent, &c. These notices, though generally brief, are rich in material, and cannot be read without the most pleasing associations. Our space being too limited for an elaborate analysis, we must be content to copy such articles as may be considered to convey a general character of the contents, and knowing of no illustrious character more dear to our best feelings, when thinking of the olden times, we shall copy that relating to the monument of Edward Prince of Wales, son of King Edward the Third.

We shall commence with the part which relates to the shield, No. 2:—

‘Sable, three ostrich feathers erect, two and one, or, each quill passing through a scroll, inscribed Ich diene.’

‘These latter shields are surmounted by other scrolls, bearing the same words as on those attached to the feathers. From the label in the first shield, and the feathers in the second, being gold instead of white, it is very probable the enamel formerly on them, has been effaced.’

‘The head of the prince rests on his helmet, decorated with the lambrequin and chapeau, on which is placed a lion statant, crowned, (but not gaurdant, as viewed laterally.) At his feet lies a libard, or young lion, without mane or crown. The margin of the canopy is decorated by fleurs de lis and leopards’ faces.’

‘There still remains in this chapel a very beautifully wrought shield, and a surcoat, which are said to have been worn by this prince; they bear the same charges as the effigy, excepting the label of three points, which is omitted in both of them, from which it is much more probable they appertained to King Edward. To these belong also a helmet, covered with the red chapeau, and faced with ermine, on which stands the golden lion; the label of cadency again omitted.’

‘The great paucity of contemporary evidence leaves the origin of this interesting badge in-



volved in deep obscurity: the opinions generally received are thus stated by Sandford, "Geneal. Hist. p. 182."

"Among many eminent persons which died that day (Aug. 26, 1346, at Cressy,) on the French part, John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, fell by the conquering hand of Prince Edward, who deplumed his casque of those ostrich feathers, which, in memory of this victory, became his cognizance, sometimes using one feather, sometimes three, (as appeareth in his seals, and on his tombe,) with scroles, containing this motto, Ich dien, that is, I serve; John, King of Bohemia, meaning thereby, that he served the French king in his wars, and was his stipendiary; others make it Prince Edward's device, alluding to the words of the apostle, that the heir, while he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, and this is the more probable conjecture." Sandford goes on to observe that the bearing of the feather as a badge was not confined to the heir apparent.

"In opposition to the foregoing account, which is not supported by any earlier writer than William of Walsingham, we find that on all the seals of this John, King of Bohemia, his crest is the expanded wing of an eagle, probably derived from the ancient arms of that kingdom, which were, Gules, an eagle displayed, with two heads, chequée, or, and sable; [Vide Oliv. de Wree. "Geneal. des Comtes de Flandre," tom 1, pp. 63, et seq.] and if the prince's cognizance took its origin from the event before alluded to, how did it become applicable to the other members of the royal family?

"Some have ascribed it as a badge to King Edward the Third; MS. Harl. No. 304, fol. 12; and the same MS. tells us that

"The ostrich fether, sylver, and pen, gold, is the king's.

"The ostrich fether, pen, and all, sylver, is the prince's.

"The ostrich fether, gold, ye pen, ermyne, is the Duk of Lancaster's.

"The ostrich fether, sylver, and pen, gobone, is the Duk of Somerset's."

"Certain, however, it is, that the feather is introduced on the seal of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, brother to the Black Prince; and on those of his nephews, Edward, Duke of York, and Richard, Earl of Cambridge. Over against the tomb of John, Duke of Lancaster, in old St. Paul's, were, as well as his personal arms, a shield, sable, charged with three ostrich feathers, ermine, the stems and labels, or.—[MS. Lansdowne, No. 874.] Even his illegitimate line continued the use of the badge; for on the stall plate of his grandson, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, we find on each side of the helmet, an ostrich feather, the stem gobonée, argent and azure, and fixed in a scroll, or.

"Again, the sons of King Henry the Fourth, the junior branches as well as the first son, exhibited it as part of their insignia. John, Duke of Bedford, used it on his seals, and it was also placed on his monumental tablet, in the cathedral church of Rouen. Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, according to Ashmole, [8vo. p. 159,] affixed a sable shield, charged with three silver feathers, surrounded by the garter, and upheld by his supporters, in a window of the choir in Greenwich Church.

"Randle Holmes, in the unpublished part of his "Academy of Armory," MS. Harl. No. 2035, makes the following observations, but unfortunately gives none of his authorities, which are so requisite to confirm the truth of

them. "The ensigne of the auntient Britaines, or Welsh, was three ostrich feathers, which they used upon all their warlike colours. But when they were subdued and brought under the Saxon English government and lawes, and that the Kings of England's eldest son was made the hereditary Prince of Wales, the Prince still retained the badge of the feathers, adding thereunto the prince's crown and the motto, Ich dien, which is as much as to say, I serve, signifying thereby, that though he be a prince in his owne country, yet he is but a subject to the crowne of England." In another part of the same MS. he adds: "But this much let me inform you, that this bearing was after altered by the valiant Edward, Prince of Wales, who, after the battle of Cressy, wherein he slew the King of Bohemia, and tooke the crown from his head, added the same to his three feathers, with the motto aforesaid, which the Princes of Wales, of the English line, have ever since so borne it."

"Unfortunately for Randle Holmes's hypothesis, we have no contemporary example of the feathers being used by the Princes of Wales before the Black Prince, nor of the coronet, which now combines the plume, previous to the time of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward the Sixth.

"Turning to the very particular directions given in the will of the Black Prince, respecting the array of his funeral obsequies, it is worthy of particular notice, that on the arrival of his corpse at Canterbury, it is ordered that it should be preceded by "deux destrez, (armed chargers,) coverts de nos armes, et deux homes armes de nos armes, et en nos heaumes; c'est assavoir, l'un pur la guerre, de nos armes entiers quartellez; et l'autre pur la paix, de nos bages des plumes d'ostruce." From the above distinction it is highly probable, that it may hereafter be discovered, that the cognizance of the ostrich feathers took its origin, not from the victory of Cressy, or any other martial achievement, but from some pacific event; or, as it was also used by his collateral relatives, it might have borne a genealogical reference.

"The following detached notices of the badge under consideration, although not throwing much additional light on the subject, are thought of sufficient interest to warrant their insertion.

"In a window formerly existing in the church of St. Katherine, near the Tower, were two shields; the first bearing the personal arms of the Black Prince, and the second, Sable, six ostrich feathers erect, argent; three, two, and one; each fixed in a scroll, or, inscribed, Ich dene; and the latter shield was also in a window of the south aisle, in St. Olave's, Old Jewry.—MS. Lansdowne, No. 932.

"In the will of Joane, Princess of Wales, she bequeaths to her dearly beloved son, Richard, a bed, "de velvet rubrum novum, operat in broderia, cum pennis ostric", argent, et cum capit leopard de auro, cum ramis et foliis argenteis procedentibus ex utraque parte ore ipsor."

"In a MS. History of the Life of King Richard the Second, by a gentleman of his suite, [MS. Harl. No. 1319,] is an illumination in which an attendant bears a guidhomme, of azure colour, semée of golden ostrich feathers; the comparisons of the King's horse are red, and ornamented with the same charges. This monarch, in his grant of the augmentation to the armorial bearings of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, gives, also, "ad portandum in Sigillo et vexillo suo,"—"duobis pennis

strutionis erectis." In an historical poem by Gower, [MS. Cotton. Tib. A. 4, fol. 152 B,] this Earl Marshal is designated by his badge, "Penna coronata."

"John of Ghent, Duke of Lancaster, in his will, says, "Item jeo devise a la suisdit aultier du Seynt Poule mon grant lyt de drap d'ore, la champe piers poudres des roses d'or, myse sur pipes d'or, et en chescun pipe deux plumes d'ostrich blankes."

"In the will of Edward, Duke of York, grandson to King Edward the Third, is the following item,—"Je devise a ma tresamee compaignie Philippe mon lit de plumes et leopards ove l'apparaill."

"At the coronation feast of King Henry the Sixth, there was introduced, in the second course, "a frytour, garnished with a leopard's head, and ii. estryche feders." A contemporary MS. [Bib. Harl. No. 6163,] gives as "The King's Bagies," Sable, three ostrich feathers erect, argent, penned and labelled, or. Camden, in his Remains, tells us that this Henry used two ostrich feathers in saltire.

"In 1471, Edward (afterwards K. E. 4.) landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, in every place where he came, proclaiming King Henry himself, and wearing an ostrich feather, which was Prince Edward's livery; and at the battle of Barnet, the fluctuating Warwick wore as his cognizance, the same emblem.—[Stowe.]

"Previous to the coronation of King Richard the Third, Sir Thomas Tyrrell, Master of the Horse, received "xvj. yerdes of velvet, white and grene, bordured with viij. yerdes of crimson clothe of golde, garnysht with ostriche feders."

"On the splendid monument of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in Worcester Cathedral, the feather is introduced in various ways: sometimes singly, in other parts two are placed together, and in others, the plume of three are united by one scroll; but no coronet.

"Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry the Eighth, used the badge in a manner different from his predecessors, and of which many examples yet remain in painted glass: on a roundel, per pale, gules and azure, rayonnated on the outer edge, or, the letters E. P. and between them, the plume of three ostrich feathers, argent, penned of the third, and passing through a prince's coronet of the same; beneath, a label inscribed Ich dien.

"Henry, eldest son of James the First, followed the foregoing example, but sometimes placed the feathers on a golden sun."

*The English Gentleman's Library Manual; or, a Guide to the Formation of a Library of Select Literature.* By WILLIAM GOOD-HUGH. London, 1827.

THIS work we consider in some respects valuable, though it is not all we could wish. It leads the reader, indeed, to a multitude of good authors on various subjects, and, moreover, contains a view of English literature, and much miscellaneous matter, which might not be expected to find a place in it. But yet it is often very defective in its information, and enters into particulars irrelevant to its main object. In the absence of a better book of any moderate size, we give it our sanction, and perhaps the author will improve it, and pursue his labours, in giving us a catalogue of the literature of other countries free from the defects which encumber his present attempt.



*The Winter's Wreath; or a Collection of Original Contributions in Prose and Verse.* London, 1827. Whittaker.

A specimen of this work, which is to appear during the ensuing autumn, has reached us, from which we should be inclined to speak favourably of its contents. Indeed, to secure for it the public favour, it is only necessary to state, that among the contributors are the names of Wordsworth, Bowring, Gisborne, H. More, Hemans, Roscoe; and that it will be embellished with plates, designed by Westal, Corbould, &c. and engraved by Heath, Finden, &c. But we shall be able to speak more decisively as to its merits when the work makes its appearance. In the mean time, we extract some stanzas of W. Wordsworth, to the Skylark.

‘Æthereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will;  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!  
‘To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount daring warbler! that love-prompted strain  
Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;  
Yet might’st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.  
‘Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar—but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.’

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

##### FRENCH CENSORSHIP—REJECTED ARTICLE.

*The works of M. J. P. G. Viennet. Epistles and Dialogues of the Dead.* 2 vols. 18mo. Paris, 1827.

WE are indebted for the following article to the Editor of *La Revue Encyclopédique*. It was written for that excellent miscellany, and has been suppressed by the censorship, although it does not appear to us to contain any attack either upon the government, or upon public morals. Our translation of it will give some idea of the liberty which France enjoys under the paternal government of the Bourbons.

These two volumes are the first of a collection about to be formed of the works of M. Viennet. He announces, in his preface, that it will consist of eight volumes, the two last of which will contain *La Philippide*. We will not anticipate the succeeding publications: let us hope that we shall have an opportunity of rendering the author ample justice, and of causing to be duly appreciated epopee, hitherto but imperfectly understood. Our present business is with those works to which he owes his greatest popularity, and which have obtained the writer so high a place in the public esteem—we mean his *Epistles*. Originating in contemporary events, and being composed almost extemporaneously, as circumstances developed such or such political characters, (which he himself explains in a preface sparkling with gaiety, imagery, and occasionally with indignation,) these *Epistles* naturally bear the imprint of the moment which inspired them, which is no small advantage to this species of poetry. Whenever great and generous, or paltry and unjust sen-

timents appeared to sway the heads of the government, M. Viennet felt a desire to vent his feelings in verse, and to bestow praise or blame on the actions which he witnessed. On looking at these epistles, thirty-two in number, and arranged in chronological order, it is impossible not to perceive that the author's talent, as well as the public mind, has become enlarged since the establishment of the constitutional government. Previous to that epoch, the French, deprived of their liberty but dazzled by the splendour of conquests, substituted words for actions, very few knew what politics were best suited to the nation, respecting a government each had his own foolish conceit. Twelve years of peace, together with discussions and examinations have made the most seductive illusions, and theories give place to positive ideas. It became manifest that neither the form of the government nor the personal qualities of the prince were sufficient guarantee for the people's happiness, unless good laws, well enforced, allowed every man free scope for his industry and for the development of his intellectual faculties. It was therefore towards this freedom that the French began by degrees to direct their wishes, since every thing else was to be the result of it. Consequently in the first epistles of M. Viennet there is much talk of glory, conquests, illustrations of poetry and literature, and sometimes of metaphysics. But in his later productions, and especially in those which succeed the one he wrote upon the appearance of a capuchin in Paris in 1819, more severe reflections take place of the ideas which had shone in the others. History and politics alone predominate in the poetry of M. Viennet. He pays but little attention to the arrangement of his words, but facts; he brings forward a mass of facts which astonish and convince far beyond any arguments. His epistles *Aux Louangeurs du Temps passé*, à Hoffman, *Sur les Jésuites*, à l'Abbé de la Menais, and above all *Aux Chiffonniers*, (see *Rev. Enc.* vol. xxxiii. p. 257.) are *chefs-d'œuvre* of the kind, in them as well as in the admirable *Dialogue de Louis XI et François I. de Voltaire*; Schwartz, and Guttemberg, et des deux, rois insensés Charles VI. and Georges III; the author, supported by his profound knowledge of history, makes his verses comprise more sense than words; and we think that, with the exception perhaps of Beranger, there is not amongst our contemporary poets whose ideas are so rich, full and varied as those of M. Viennet. It is to be regretted that his expressions are not always in keeping with them. A too great precipitancy occasionally leads him to neglect the composition of his verses, whence arise weak expressions, drawling lines, and sometimes even obscure passages. But these defects cannot destroy the valuable qualities which we have pointed out in this author, qualities which have entitled him to, and which will preserve for him, a distinguished rank upon our Parnassus, at the same time that his character places him amongst those poets who have become noble and correct interpreters for their country, and whom France recognises for real Frenchmen.

#### TRAVELS IN ITALY.

*Extracts from an unpublished work on Italy.* [From *Le Globe*, translated for *The Literary Chronicle*.]

VERY near to the village of Arona, and on the declivity of a hill which overlooks Lake Major, rises a colossal statue of bronze, the arms of which are extended as if in the act of blessing the surrounding country: it represents Saint Charles Borromeus, one of the benefactors of Lombardy. We took a very agreeable walk inside the body of this venerable prelate: one of the folds of his large robe afforded an entrance by a narrow passage, and after two or three minutes difficult climbing we got into his head, which is lighted by a double opening. Immense cavities, on the right and left, and a deep precipice underneath us, indicated the ears of the saint and the breviary which he holds under his arm; finally, by crawling into his nose, we could perceive, through one of his eyes, the entire lake, with all its numerous bays and enchanting landscapes. The height of this colossal statue is 112 feet, and that of the breviary fourteen. The head alone, and the hands, are cast. \* \* \* \* \*

Monza is a city celebrated in the history of Lombardy, and its cathedral, built 1200 years ago, in the time of Saint Gregory and the Queen of Teudelinda, contains a considerable number of venerable relicts; among others a comb belonging to her gothic majesty, and a sapphire cup which she gave to the church. Here, also, is carefully preserved the celebrated iron crown, which, after having successively encircled the heads of all the emperors and kings of Lombardy, was finally placed upon that of Napoleon. *Dio me la dà, guai a che la toccherà*, cried the conqueror, pressing it firmly upon his forehead. In order to see this curious monument an order from the government must be obtained, and must be deposited in the sacristy or vestry; upon which a priest, clothed in his surplice, and assisted by two children of the choir, walks respectfully towards the altar: incense is burnt, long prayers are recited, and, after about five minutes longer spent in genuflections and in making the signs of the cross, the tabernacle opens, and the venerable crown appears encased in a rich vermilion cross, which contains likewise some drops of the blood of Jesus Christ and of the Virgin's milk. The crown itself owes its title to a strip of iron which surrounds its interior, and which is said to be formed from a nail out of the true cross. Every other part blazes with gold and jewellery, and whilst some bend before it in remembrance of the solemn ideas connected with it, other travellers, associates no doubt of M. Josse, are in extacies at the delicacy of the workmanship and the intrinsic value of the materials. The same religious ceremonies must be observed when the crown is returned to its place, and twenty benedictions and as many incenses are bestowed upon it. \* \* \* \* \*

Milan, Sept. 30, 1823.

About two miles from Milan there is a curious echo which every body visits. A pistol-shot fired from one of the windows of an old palace, which is now uninhabited, is immediately repeated forty or sixty times in



succession. I this morning counted forty-seven perfectly distinct detonations. This phenomenon delights the English more than any thing else that they meet with in Lombardy. One of them some years ago conceived the whimsical idea of producing its counterpart in his own park. He therefore had all the dimensions of the edifice accurately taken, the angles of it were measured with geometrical fidelity, and the first architects in England were employed to execute this precious monument. The proprietor himself presided over their labours, advising and directing, and above all, paying them. Every thing was at last completed, and the day was propitious. A large company was assembled, and, after a sumptuous dinner, the happy Englishman took his place triumphantly at the miraculous window armed with a double pair of pistols. He fired.—But, alas! not without the least resounding, not even a slight echo. We are assured that in despair he fired his last pistol at his own head, and thus fell a victim to his love for an echo. This might form the subject of a very affecting elegy.

Every one is acquainted with the name of the celebrated Monti, one of the first poets of modern Italy. A friend of his took me this morning to see him. He is an old man and almost blind, but with a fine countenance. We remained together nearly an hour, and to facilitate the conversation, he spoke Italian whilst I spoke French. In this way we ran over a variety of subjects, all of which he treated with equal wit and liveliness. The language of Dante, when spoken by him, acquired an indescribable charm; it was indeed music. The only reproach that can be brought against Monti (and it is a very great one) is that of having celebrated all parties. A violent enemy of the French republic, in his *Bassevillinde*, he afterwards eulogizes even the excesses of the convention, and he has since been seen sounding the praises of Napoleon and of the Emperor of Austria. This conduct is attributed to the great versatility of his imagination: every subject has two sides, and as only one of these could strike him at a time, he finished by believing in whatever he had written. This is perhaps justifying his conduct at the expense of his understanding; but a poet's head is allowed some privileges. Let Monti's genius then absolve him, the example is not a dangerous one.

*Principles of French Grammar; or, a Conversation Book for the use of English Youth.* By M. d'EMBDEN, French Master. New Edition. London, 1827. Chapple.

*Outlines of an improved System of teaching Languages.* By JOACHIM DE PRATI. London, 1827.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of French grammars which have been published, the author of the one before us may yet be complimented on having well employed his time in the revision of it. The merit of a work of this sort can only consist in the order of the ideas and the clearness of the definitions. M. d'Embden has fully accomplished this double task, and his pupils, as well as

those concerned in tuition, and to whom we recommend the use of this grammar, must feel indebted to him. The rudiments of a language are always so tiresome to learners of every age that it is doing them an essential service to reduce these rudiments into a simple, concise, and clearly defined form.

M. de Prati is also entitled to the praise of philologists for suggesting a new plan for teaching languages in general. The sketch which he has just offered of his method, is a happy combination of the systems of Hamilton, Pestalozzi, and some other grammatical philosophers. The principal basis of this method is to confine the pupil, at first, to interlineary translation, to reading, to pronunciation, in fact, to the purely mechanical part of the language which he is learning; and not permitting him to study the abstract portion of it, till he knows a sufficient number of words and phrases to be able to apply, with correctness, the rules of syntax. It cannot be deemed that this method is the most simple and the most conformable to the march of intellect: this is so true, that we have before us the example of a child, twelve years of age, who, wishing to learn a foreign language, though ignorant of the principles of its own, undertook to translate, with merely the help of a dictionary, word for word, and thus, by determined perseverance, succeeded in understanding the most difficult authors; we have, therefore, no doubt that M. de Prati will find his method successful, and that it will spread rapidly amongst all enlightened teachers.

### ORIGINAL.

#### MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

*If dumb too long the drooping muse hath stay'd,  
And left her debt to Canning yet unpaid,  
Blame not her silence \*\*\*\*\* but bemoan,  
And judge, oh! judge my bosom by your own!  
What mourner ever felt poetic fires,  
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires.*

THE muse once more her trembling fingers throws

Across the golden lyre's bewilder'd strings;  
In silence weeps her melancholy woes,  
And dips her pinions in Castalian springs.

For him—whose tongue, once eloquent, now still,

Mute as the grave—where low he sleeps in death;

Who erst the senate with applause did fill,  
Whilst Tully's periods dwelt upon his breath!

O'er whom the muses threw their heav'nly light,  
The prophet's mantle—and inspiring lay;  
In numbers sparkling as the starry night,  
That meteor-like eclips'd the orb of day!

Damp is that heart whose manly bosom glow'd  
With rare perfection—rich in classic lore;  
Whose lips so late in sweetest music flow'd,  
Now hush'd, their organ wakes a charm no more.

Dim is the eye that spoke the inmost soul,  
The fine-drawn feelings of a noble mind;  
That hush'd the storm—ruling without control;  
And loos'd the fetters which enchain'd mankind!

Cold is the hand that mov'd the helm of state,  
So lately shatter'd by the adverse gale;  
Like ship-wreck'd mariner left to his fate,  
Without a mast to swell his fav'ring sail!

Pale is that brow which Genius made its throne,  
In god-like majesty amid the crack  
Of tottering empires crumbling, but its own  
Sav'd in the ruins of the gen'ral wreck!

No more of freedom and the song of joy,  
That o'er the billowy wave in thunders came,  
Shall Grecian warriors or bards employ  
Their harps to celebrate with loud acclaim.

Wrapt in the veil of dark eternal sleep,  
He wakes no more—but in the realms of light;

Divine oblivion o'er his senses steep,  
And shrouds the scene in shades of solemn night.

Amid the fretted aisle slow moves along  
The mourners' train, where bards and heroes sleep;

As peals the organ to the sacred song,  
And fills the vaulted space with sorrow deep

The nodding plumes that deck the sable bier,  
In solemn grandeur speak a lesson just;  
Statesman and poet—orator and peer

Are but at last the offspring of the dust?  
Though vain the sigh and vain the tear that's shed,

Yet still shall faithful memory o'er the past,  
Dwell on the virtues of the mighty dead,  
Whilst the last wreck of this great globe shall last.

Firm as the rock, his name from age to age  
Shall last—whilst the bright scroll shall tell  
his fame:

Here lies the friend, philosopher, and sage,  
Who gave to liberty its deathless name.

No monumental urn need rise to swell  
The worth that's clasp'd within this weeping stone;

Nor sculptur'd verse defying time to tell  
His fame, whose name's his Pyramid alone  
H.

#### SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

As this is a character which, in all semblance, we are never likely to see represented again to the life upon the stage, it may be matter of antiquarian curiosity to inquire what it is in the composition, physical and moral, which used to give then, and still continues to give in the closet such peculiar zest to that character. It certainly is not merely that he is fat and a pick purse, and a braggadocio, and a coward; for, with all his faults, we have a sort of affection for him, which none of these qualities are calculated to inspire. Neither can it be merely his wit—his being 'not only witty himself, but a cause of wit in others:' though the latter part of this predicament has undoubtedly something to do in securing our regard: for all persons are readily disposed to have some kindly feeling towards those who yield them the occasion of an easy joke, and can stand the willing butt of the retaliated laugh without being put out of countenance. His easy jollity and unsubduable good humour may also be set down among the number of those sociable attractions which cover a multitude of faults, and the waggery which mingles with all his rogueries may be admitted, in that lax state of moral feeling which we always carry with us to our mere amusements,



and especially to the contemplation of mere ideal character, as calculated to reconcile us for the time to the robber and the cheat; and as for his gasconading, and hyperbolical vain boasting they constitute essential parts both of his humour and his wit; and it is easy to see that these are among the qualifications which we could by no means dispense with. But all this is not sufficient so far to counterbalance the contempt and disgust with which we never fail to regard a downright coward. The imputation of cowardice and the sentiment of respect, or even of friendly regard and attachment are ideas so irreconcilable that we can never associate them with reference to the same individual.

A question then naturally arises (and it has been asked before,) is Sir John Falstaff actually and legitimately a coward? Is the impression we practically, or sensitively receive in seeing or in reading the character (whatever we may have said to ourselves about it in our theories of critical reasoning) such as actual cowardice is calculated to produce? With respect to sensitive impression we should say at once decisively, it is not. There is no other instance in which an exhibition or description of positive cowardice is regarded with such sensations or sentiments as those with which we regard Sir John Falstaff.

Has Shakspeare then in reality so employed the wonderful powers of his genius, as to make us, in this instance, enamoured of a defect which, in all other instances, excites in us contempt and disgust? We do not readily concede even to Shakspeare himself a power so more than magical? And again we ask is Falstaff then in reality a coward? That he is not absolutely a brave—a hero, one who loves blood and gunpowder better than his ease, his luxury, or his joke, we readily admit. But is he so much of a coward as to lose, under any circumstances, the capacity or the opportunity of enjoying all these? This is another question. Does even the alarm of the field, or the thunder of the cannon, put him so entirely beside himself as to make him lose either his self possession, or his propensity to a laugh? His joke! his joke!—Aye, there is the soul—the essence of the character of fat Jack, and he is neither brave nor cowardly beyond the limit to which that may be indulged.

Let us bring the tricksical fat old knight in all the varieties of incident fully before our imagination—such as Shakspeare has drawn him, and stripped of some of that caricatured excess of trepidation with which some of his recent representatives have agreed to clothe him; and shall we not be obliged to acknowledge that the man, however tricksically fond of life and its merry enjoyment, or however little disposed to “like such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath,” who, in the midst of scenes of slaughter, and in the most imminent personal danger, can still preserve both his presence of mind and his joke, and give his bottle, for a pistol, out of his holster to ‘sack a city’ withal, although he may be ‘no John a Gaunt,’ cannot be regarded as a poltroon in the last abasement of cowardice.

In short, Falstaff loves his life better than

he loves honour: and loves his joke perhaps almost better than either; but he is no absolute and downright coward. Δ.

#### ‘Twas Willy’s Look.

It wa’ not wi’ the words o’ love,  
A’tho he had a bonied tongue,  
That Willy gie’d my heart to move  
In days when I wa’ young.  
He wa’ na’ forward ay to speak  
O’ beauty o’ my shape and mein,  
Or talk o’ roses i’ my cheek,  
Or stars wa’ in my een.  
He never bade the lily fade  
Wi’ envy of a hue more fair,  
Or told of loves that wont to braid  
The tangles o’ my hair.  
He ca’d not what I list to say  
The tunefu’ warblings o’ the lute;  
Nor bade to hear my roundelay,  
The mœvis to be mute.  
Such bookish talk I mote have thought  
The feigning o’ the flatterer’s tongue;  
But Willy’s heart a language taught  
That cou’d na’ whisper wrong.  
Where’er I won—where’er I bide—  
My willy wa’ not far away;  
And look’d what silence could na’ hide,  
And words could never say.  
And gin I spake, or gin I sang,  
My Willy’s heart wa’ in his ear,  
He never thought the strain too lang  
That he mote sit and hear.  
Or gin a throng o’ maidens bright  
Wa’ gather’d round his pipe to hear;  
Ther wa’ but ane in Willy’s sight  
Of a’ that lent an ear.  
For wa’ we thrang, or wa’ we lane,  
Or far apart or seated nigh,  
My Willy’s looks wa’ a’ my aine,  
Nane else wa’ in his eye.  
And gin I spake, or gin I sang,  
For other voice he had na’ ear;  
He never thought the day too lang,  
That he could sit and hear.  
‘Twa’ Willy’s look—‘twa’ Willy’s look  
That told me more than he cou’d feign;  
And ere of love my Willy spoke,  
My heart wa’ a’ his aine.

#### THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new melo-drama entitled *The Goldsmith*, and said to be founded on fact, was produced at this theatre, on Thursday evening. It is an abridged translation from the German story of *Madame de Scuderi*, by Hoffman; instead, therefore, of detailing the plot, we shall refer our readers to *Tales from the German*, translated by Mr. Holcroft, and reviewed in No. 362, of *The Literary Chronicle*; another version of the same story will be found in *Gillies German Stories*, which we noticed in No. 390. The principal characters in the piece are Cardillac, the goldsmith, and Oliver his foreman; the former, personated by Cooper, the latter by Vining, and they both supported their parts very ably. In some of the scenes Cooper’s representation of the violent passions of the wealthy yet avaricious assassin were truly excellent. This melo-drama will we doubt not, be a standing favourite, the interest is kept alive throughout, and the whole is well

managed; it was received with marked approbation, and was announced for repetition amidst the warmest plaudits.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—It is with no slight feelings of gratulation, that we notice the progress of this favourite little theatre. The liberality of the proprietor, and the ability of his assistants in their respective departments, have already redeemed the reproach which foreigners have too frequently cast on our musical drama. It may be said, that we are indebted to the German, and not English composers, for the highly successful operas which have been brought out at this theatre. But to the judicious adaptation to the English stage, by Mr. Hawes, together with the free translation of the words, the operas of *Frieschutz*, the *Oracle*, by Winter, and the new opera, *The Freebooters*, by Paer, may truly be said to be nationalized.

As we always consider the story of an opera a mere vehicle for the music, and as most of our contemporaries give what is called the *plot* of any new drama, we shall content ourselves with a brief notice of the music of the piece.

The overture, though not a very high class of composition, as compared with some of Mozart’s, is yet spirited and appropriate, and contains a fine pastoral movement. The opera opens with a spirited chorus, followed by a quartett, in which the new performer, Miss Betts, sustains a part. In the next scene, this lady, in a very beautiful duet with Phillips, at once establishes her claims to public favour, as an able substitute for the accomplished Miss Paton: she appears to be exempt from most of the defects which usually attend dramatic singers on a first appearance. With a tolerable person, and an easy yet modest action, she unites a considerable degree of pathos in executing the more impassioned passages, and a voice, of *mezzo soprano* character, with great compass, and sufficient volume for a much larger theatre. The only defect we perceived in her solo singing was, what can only be acquired by practice, the modulation of her voice to the size of the house; and a slight lisp in articulation. In the numerous concerted pieces which the new opera contains, Miss Betts also proved herself to be an excellent timist, and sound musician. The general character of the concerted pieces, is perhaps better adapted to an English audience than the highly chromatic and difficult ceremonies of Weber, in *Freischutz* and *Oberon*. While they are more original, and less loaded with accompaniment than Winter’s music in the *Oracle*. The music is distinguished by considerable originality and beauty in the lighter six-eight movements, and the accompaniments (perhaps owing to the good taste of Mr. Hawes,) never overpower the vocal department, as in most of the German composers. We should say, in a word, that *The Freebooters* forms the happy medium between the German and the Italian schools of composition, and cannot fail to have a great run. We never heard the fine singing of Phillips to greater advantage; and Pearman also acquitted himself with more than usual spirit and effect. Miss Goward is also a valuable



second to Miss Betts; but we recommend Miss Boden to pay more attention to time, if ever she hopes to become a concerted singer. The chorusses are got up in a way highly creditable to the director; we only heard a *crash* in two slight instances during the whole opera—a degree of perfection unequalled at any of the great patent theatres. Mr. Arnold well deserves to reap a golden harvest for the manner in which this opera has been brought forward, and the effect it must undoubtedly have in promoting the taste of our country for the best works of the continental masters.

SONNET  
TO T. HOOD, ESQ.

WRITTEN AFTER READING HIS PLEA OF THE MID-SUMMER FARIES.

DELIGHTFUL BARD! what praises meet are thine,

More than my verse can sound to thee belong;  
Well hast thou pleaded, with a tongue divine,  
In this thy sweet and newly breathed song,  
Where like the stream smooth numbers gliding throng;

Gather'd methinks I see the elfin race,  
With the immortal standing them among;  
Smiling benign with more than courtly grace;  
Rescued I see them—all their gambols trace,  
With their fair Queen Titania in her bower,  
And all their avocations small embrace,  
Pictur'd by thee with a Shakspearean power—  
O, when the time shall come thy soul must flee,  
Then may some hidden spirit plead for thee.

E. M.

VARIETIES.

The third class of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands has offered 300 florins for the best reply, in German, Dutch, English, or Latin, to the question, 'How has the philosophical spirit of the Greeks displayed itself in their language and mythology, and how far does the study of these tend to a true and sound philosophy?'

*Ionian Islands.*—The following is a statement of the progress of education:—

	Inhabitants.	No. of Schools.	No. of Pupils.
Corfu .....	48,737	3	239
Paxo .....	3,970	1	40
Zante .....	40,063	13	363
Cephalonia .....	49,857	2	137
Ithica .....	8,200	1	87
Santa Maria .....	17,425	1	75
Cengo .....	8,146	8	772
	176,398	29	1,713

Colleges have also been established for the young nobility, and a library, which contains above 30,000 volumes. This is chiefly to be attributed to the liberal spirit of Lord Guilford.

*Method of making soft wood hard and soon fit to work, discovered by M. Le Maitre of Tours.*—He fells the tree and separates it from the root all round, excepting a little pivot left in the middle; this is done in March. He lops off the branches, but not close to the stem, and covers the cut places with clay; then it lies, supported by props, till the sap has risen and fallen back through the bark. After this, the fibres become hard, the bark is taken off, and in a year from the beginning of the process the wood is fit to work.

*Boxing.*—Chief Justice Best, in his charge to the grand jury, at Bridgewater, made some observations which are important, though we do not insert them as coinciding with our own

sentiment, but only as being worthy of being recorded:—'Though fighting is most certainly an evil, it is as certainly a lesser evil than the revengeful methods adopted by other countries. If, indeed, we were able to subdue human passions, and bring them to the level of reason, we might then hope to get rid altogether of fighting, but since that cannot be the case, I do say that the practice of boxing is much to be preferred to the use of knives, or the other deadly weapons, that we hear of in other countries; it prevents unfair advantage being taken, and instead of causing the sacrifice of life, it, in fact, preserves life, and, at the same time, supports and encourages that British spirit which has raised our glory so high by a continuance of victories, and has not only ensured our own success, but the success of civilized order throughout the world. But, though I am far from wishing to put down the ancient English mode of protecting ourselves from injury, or of resenting a proffered insult, I wish to mark my detestation of Englishmen standing by on such occasions, and making the contest an occasion of the lowest and most degrading gambling, at the very time that it may terminate in the death of one of their fellow-creatures.'

*Music.*—M. Maurice Schlesinger of the Rue de Richelieu at Paris, and music-seller to the King of France, is now publishing a complete collection of the trios, quartettos, and quintettos of Beethoven. This edition, carefully engraved, will form a worthy tribute to the memory of this great composer. The fame of Beethoven must continue to increase; for his profound and mysterious music is still, especially in France, much beyond the prevailing taste, but every succeeding day it becomes more felt and better appreciated. This collection will consist of seventeen quartettos, three quintettos, and six trios; it will be adorned with a portrait of Beethoven, and a fac simile of the first page of his last work. A short time previous to the death of this great man the editor was so fortunate as to obtain from him six quartettos, which have never appeared in any other edition; these are *les œuvres* 127, 130, 131, 133, 135, and 136.—*Le Globe.*

*Indian Author.*—David Cosick, an Indian of the Tuscarora tribe has recently published, in Lewistown, Niagara county, a book entitled 'Sketches of the ancient History of the Six Nations; comprising—a tale of the foundation of the great Island, new North America, the two infants born, and the Creation of the Universe. A real account of the Settlement of North America, and their dissensions. Origin of the Kingdom of the five Nations, which was called a long house; the wars, fierce animals, &c.'—*New York Paper.*

*Speech of a Chief of the Seminole Tribe of Indians to the American Congress.*—It does not appear that the American Indians have the same views of knowledge as are now generally entertained: hence the following speech of one of their chiefs,—'Brothers, you tell us that our great father (the President) wishes to place a school in our nation, to teach our children to read and write. We do not wish one at all. We do not believe that the Great Spirit intended that we should know how to read and write; for if he had intended this, he would have given us the knowledge as early as he gave it to the white people. Now it is too late; the white people have gained an advantage we can never recover, and it is better for us to remain as we are, red men, and live in our own way.'

It is estimated, Russia requires about 13,000 medical men, but not more than 5000 are actually engaged in the public service and general practice.

*The Washington Papers.*—An American paper says, 'The letter of Mr. Sparks, on the subject of the papers and manuscripts of Washington, contains some most interesting information. The unpublished writings of the illustrious Washington, consisting mostly of official and private letters, according to Mr. S., fill fifty or sixty folio volumes. The most interesting parts of this extensive miscellany are to be selected for the press; which, with suitable connecting matter, will form a large work of ten or twelve volumes, and will be published by subscription. Washington was not possessed of that extensive learning, which so few are able to render serviceable in the improvement of their natural parts; but in the true sense of the word, he was an eminent scholar. He possessed the requisites of an elegant writer—though he did not follow the beaten track to acquire them—which it is the object of learning to bestow. Mr. Sparks observes, that none of the most private documents which his pen produced in the stormiest periods of the administration, need shun the light, or shrink from the gaze of the public—for there are none but will compel us, more than ever, to admire his character and reverence his memory. His writings will make us intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of his disposition, and his intellectual habits. The private correspondence of Washington was wonderfully extensive, and the subjects on which it turned were no less varied. Beside letters of business, and those from his regular correspondents, the number which he received from strangers, was immense. These were from old soldiers, soldiers' and officers' widows, and persons in distress soliciting charitable aid—others from Europe and different parts of America, requesting information on various subjects. He appears to have made it a rule never to leave a letter which was respectful in its language unanswered, however humble might be the rank of the writer. He was unusually liberal in replying to the calls of charity, and was often at considerable pains to obtain such information as was solicited. Could we have a more convincing proof of the untiring benevolence of his disposition?'

*Hammersmith Suspension Bridge.*—To the many improvements which have already taken place in the neighbourhood of London, another will shortly be added; a suspension bridge, intended to facilitate the communication, between Hammersmith and Kingston, and other parts of Surrey. The clear water-way is 688 feet 8 inches. The suspension towers are 48 feet above the level of the road-way, where they are 22 feet thick. The road-way is slightly curved upwards and is 16 feet above high water, and the extreme length from the back of the piers on shore is 822 feet 8 inches, supporting 688 feet of road-way. There are eight chains, composed of wrought iron bars, each five inches deep and one thick. Four of these have six bars in each chain; and four have only three, making 36 bars, which form a dip in the centre of about 29 feet. From these, vertical rods are suspended, which support the road-way, formed of strong timbers covered with granite. The width of the carriage-way is 20 feet, and foot-way five feet. The chains pass over the suspension towers, and are secured to the piers on each shore. The suspension towers are of stone, and designed as arch-



ways of the Tuscan order. The approaches are provided with octagonal lodges, or toll-houses, with appropriate lamps and parapet walls, terminating with stone pillars, surmounted with ornamental caps. More than 80,000*l.* have been already expended.

**Patent for an Air Engine.**—A patent has been just enrolled, by Messrs. Stirling of Glasgow, for the invention of an engine to be propelled by the elasticity of heated atmospheric air, in lieu of steam. Whether the expansion of air will admit of sufficient motive power for the general purposes of the steam engine we entertain considerable doubt, though in point of economy the invention appears to possess considerable merit. The subordinate parts of Messrs. Stirling's engine are nearly similar to the steam engine, but the working cylinder is alternately supplied by hot and cold air on the opposite sides of the piston from two reservoirs of condensed air, which being allowed to pass through numerous apertures into a chamber over a furnace, it expands and drives up a plunger or piston of the air-vessel and enters through stop-cocks into the working cylinder, giving motion to the piston-rod and fly-wheel in the usual way. Where a limited power only is required this engine may answer the purpose, but as the expansive power of water converted into steam so infinitely exceeds that of heated air, these engines will not be applicable to the propelling of vessels with great speed.

**Mr. Canning.**—The subscription which has been entered into at Paris, on the proposition of Monsieur Dupin, for striking a medal to the memory of this great man, is, we believe, proceeding well. The medal is to have on one side his head, on the reverse, 'civil and religious liberty throughout the world.' But a letter which Baron de las Cases addressed to the *Courrier Francais*, on the subject, has been rejected by the censorship.—(August 21.) A meeting was held at Liverpool to consider of some mark of respect to the same individual. A column seemed preferable; like that raised to Lord Melville, in Edinburgh; Lord Hill, in Shrewsbury; or Lord Nelson, in Dublin.

**Mr. Frost** is about to deliver a course of lectures on botany, at the theatre of St. Thomas' Hospital; to commence on Monday, October 1st. They will be divided into three parts,—the history of the science, arrangement of plants, and medical botany.

### UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. Westcombe, M.A., vicar of Preston, Cardover, Hants, to the vicarage of Letcombe Regis, Berks.

The Rev. H. W. Barnard, M.A., prebendary of Yatton and vicar of Pelson, Somerset, to be a canon resid. of Wells Cathedral.

The Rev. J. Smith to the rectory of Beaulieu, Ireland.

The Rev. C. G. R. Festing to the vicarage of Saint Paul, Cornwall.

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. R. will be inserted.  
H. J. Z. in our next.

**PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.**—The Literary Souvenir for 1828, under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts, is, we understand, in a state of great forwardness.—The Fifth Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's Early Prose Romances; it will contain The History of George a' Green, the Pinder of Wakefield.

**WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.**—Dodley's and Rivington's Annual Register for 1826, 8vo. 16*s.*—Boyce's Belgian Traveller, new edition, improved, 9*s.*—Wanostrocht's French Grammar, by Josse, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Euclid, Symbolically Arranged, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Mudge's Memorial of Ministerial Labour, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Finch's Christian Principles, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Cabin Conversations and Castle Scenes, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Opinions of an Old Scot, 2*s.*—Wadd's Maxims and Memoirs, 8vo. 9*s.*—Pope's Import and Export Guide, 13th edition, 30*s.*

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.	
Aug. 17	62	65	59	29 80	Showers.
..... 18	61	65	58	.. 98	Fair.
..... 19	60	64	56	30 00	Cloudy.
..... 20	58	62	54	.. 04	Cloudy.
..... 21	57	63	55	.. 06	Showers.
..... 22	55	60	54	.. 18	Cloudy.
..... 23	55	63	58	.. 35	Fair.

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